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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

BEAUTY IN ART.

An Historical Inquiry into the true Principles of Beauty in Art, more especially with reference to Architecture. By James Fergusson, Esq., Architect. Author of "An Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem," &c. &c. Part I. Longmans.

MANY people entertain very exalted notions of the capacities of Journalist Editors; and many Editors have no very mean or circumscribed ideas of their own universal talents. Where the just medium is we cannot determine. We only know that the applications we are for ever having to answer puzzling questions and solve perplexing difficulties, (under the received impression that we "know everything") would confound a Solomon, and silence a Delphic Oracle. We can assure our readers they are often very laughable, and such as would have stultified Glendower himself, had he conducted, instead of only furnishing, a portion of matter for a *Welsh Chronicle*, or *Cymry Literary Gazette*.

Mortifying as the confession may be, and sinking us below the level of our omniscient and unerrant brotherhood, we are occasionally compelled to descend from our tripod, feel some doubts, and, as Lord Erskine modestly expressed it, become aware that we are "a little less than the angels."

Mr. Fergusson's work has been one of these instances. The *True Principles of Beauty in Art* embrace the animate creation and inanimate world. By them everything visible to man is to be judged. The theme is vast as the universe, and small as its minutest particle. An Andes, or the freckle on a face, or the shade of colour in a flower, or tone of voice in one sentence of an orator, or the momentary glance of an eye in the histrion, or the shade of a proportion in a magnificent temple, or the slightest perceptible inclination of a geometric curve, or the finest blending of a distant tint in painting, or the perfect harmony of a thought, or the combination of landscape for miles of country—from the aspect of the heavens to the needlepoint—all come within the perceptions and rules of Fitness and Beauty. A sense of this caused us to pause on Mr. Fergusson's volume, and the more especially as his preceding publications had fixed our attention to an unusual degree by the extent of their field, the diligence of their investigations, and the originality of their views and conclusions. We like writers who think for themselves, and do not servilely follow in the imitative, *servum pecus* line; and, indeed, we meet them so seldom, that we fancy we ought to prize them as *rare aves* and curiosities for our literary museum.

Now, all this preamble tends to an excuse for not reviewing the First Part of the *Historical Inquiry* before, even though we could plead the diversion of the more immediate work of Mr. Layard and other publications of a similar character, the conjunction of which in any Number of the *Literary Gazette* would have destroyed the diversity it is desirable to preserve in every sheet, to meet the tastes of various readers. And, in truth, we found that we could not in this case, with justice, convert the personal pronoun *I* into the convenient *We*. The topics were interesting, numerous, and not easy of solution; so that *We* had to make a real *We* of it, in order to obtain the opinions of our coadjutors best acquainted with them on points relating to and treating of certain physical sciences, technic arts, qualities of arts, antiquities, chronology, architecture in every form, sculpture, painting, and other divisions of Mr. Fergusson's labours. And yet, with all their help, we can only

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speak to some of the prominent features of this commencing portion of his striking lucubrations.

They are dedicated to his friend, Mr. Lough, the sculptor, in a style which does honour to his genius as an artist and individual merits as a man. This is as it should be: talent ought to show respect and admiration for talent, or how can it look for that proper esteem which is its due from the public at large? Yet how generally do we see the converse, and miserable Envy and Jealousy denying to others what they are so prone to claim for themselves.*

No wonder a government and a country should be induced to despise those whose organs of "public opinion" do nothing but teach how they despise each other.

But we wander, and it seems as if Mr. Fergusson should not be allowed to sleep in this sheet of the *Gazette* to-night. Yet how well he deserves the lodging.—

"As certainly as revolving years hurry the boy onward to manhood, so certainly does increasing population press a nation onward to a degree of civilization without which large bodies of men cannot exist together. But neither men nor nations can stop their growth and stand still, however much they may wish it. A very thinly-populated country may support a nation of hunters in a state of tolerable equality, but a slight increase of population forces some to become shepherds, some cultivators of the soil, and a further addition forces many to take to manufactures, as the soil will not support all; and again, between these must spring up those who will exchange the commodities of one class for those of another, and perform the great task of capitalists in keeping society together. As population increases men must pack still more closely over one another—the world is not wide enough for a nation of equals, even if such were possible where no two men are

* The prevailing tone in this respect is not only disreputable, but often singularly anomalous. In the latter class it seems as if the writer assumed a superior position to himself alone, far above all his fellows, and, as Triton of the Minnows, did not perceive that he could not debase the small fry without equal injury to his own big-fish consequence. It is, therefore, to want of sense, or want of reflection, or to the mere impulse of inflated penmanship, that the entire body, on whose productions depend the rational entertainment, instruction, and refinement of mankind, is almost invariably sneered at or vilified by its own members. "It's an ill bird that befools its own nest," says the adage; but they seem to imagine that they have ceased to be nestlings, and are full fledged eagles, or peacocks, or—daws! As it is a very inoffensive, though forcible and pregnant, example of this condition of things, and illustrative of the prevalent disposition in England to depreciate Literature and its Professors, we could not help being amused by the following remarks in a leading article of the *Times* on Friday, when commenting upon the Parliamentary debate in the Commons on the preceding evening—

"The debate promises just such a distribution of the political parts as Lord John Russell would himself have suggested;—the men of business, practical ability, popular credit, and single-minded intentions, in a compact phalanx on the one side; while against them are frantic Repealers, testy squires, clever *litterateurs*, and fanatic religionists, more conscious of mutual antipathies than of a common design. When such is the division of combatants one may safely forecast the issue of the session. It will leave parties much as it finds them—the one in union and power, the other in distraction and impotence."

Our powerful contemporary can easily afford to laugh at a matter of this sort as a slight affair, but still there is a great principle involved in it. The *Times* itself is but a politico-literary performance; its chief proprietor an M.P., and the gentlemen who daily contribute to its columns with so much vigour and ability, what are they? Does the honourable member repudiate the idea of being Literary: do the compact phalanx, who sustain his property and enforce its great influence at home and abroad, desire to be considered in a contemptuous or derisive light as "*Litterateurs*?" If not, why thus speak of the nest to which they pertain, or perhaps from which they may wish it to be thought they have flown? They, and all others, may believe that to disparage our common kind is by no means to elevate ourselves.—Ed. L. G.

either bodily or mentally alike. There must be the rich, and consequently in most cases the idle man, with his luxury and its concomitant evils; and the poor, and, if idle, vicious man, to prey on his more wealthy neighbour. Still there exists in all societies an intermediate class, who, 'fitted with an aim,' are forced either to bodily exertion to gain their daily bread, or to exert their mental faculties to maintain their position in society; and in the healthful employment of these, they nourish those virtues which adorn the human race, and avoid those temptations to which the very rich and the very poor are exposed. We, as a nation, have reached that state of population and consequent civilization which is open to those vices and those temptations so eloquently denounced by Rousseau. To avoid them, we cannot go back one step towards the past; but we have the power of improving the present to an unlimited extent, and of cultivating every virtue which ever adorned humanity, and in doing this we may ensure a happy future; but if we neglect the means at our disposal for doing this, it is only too true that our state may soon become one of unmitigated evil."

The prospect is legitimate, eligible, and accomplishable; and on all the vistas to the bright glade beyond, his direction posts are clear and significant. There are, to be sure, many other avenues, uphill and down, but we can only advert to a few of his ways, in order to afford our readers some (however poor an) idea of his multifarious subjects, and somewhat omniscient treatment of them. We have only to repeat that, as far as an incomplete portion of such a design can enable us to judge, even when he staggers us most, it is as one of the *solidi* who do not repeat the mumpsimus of foregone and forgotten teachers, but does venture on original thinking. The theory of art developed throughout these pages, the author truly acknowledges is fragmentary, yet has been elaborated from a study of Indian, Mahomedan, and Gothic architecture, with which, he says—

"I am personally far more intimately acquainted than with the styles enumerated in the present volume; and it is from them, and them only, that I should have wished to choose my illustrations; as it is, the theory elaborated from one style I have applied to another, and though it confirms all I have to say, the argument will neither be complete nor properly intelligible till the whole series is gone through. The Second Part is the one, however, on which the main argument rests, and is the one that I would most willingly publish alone, had I only my own convenience in view. The subject, however, could not be complete without the first; and besides my own inability, at the present moment, to carry out the whole work single-handed, I am not sorry to keep back the second part, that it may benefit by the criticism that may be bestowed on the first. This is not a pleasant, nor, personally, a satisfactory way of placing a new theory before the world, but under the circumstances it is the only one that is open to me."

Vain hope: he will never benefit by any expected criticism, and even the *Literary Gazette* cannot help him; so he may as well proceed with the concluding part, which, on some data we do not understand, he tells us he wished to publish alone. Far more to the purpose is the following statement:—

"For months together I lived among buildings and the works of art they contain, and I have looked on them long and steadfastly, and until I could read in the chisel marks on the stone the idea that guided the artist in his design, till I could put myself by his side, and identify myself with him through his work, I never felt satisfied."

"A course of study pursued among the products

of art themselves in this manner, I have found far more instructive than books of theories are, or perhaps ever can be; and I believe all would find it so if they could follow it in such circumstances as would prevent their being influenced by the errors of bad education, or free them from the trammels of the stereotyped opinions of the age.

"The belief that it has been so to me induces me now to publish the result of my experience. I believe I see the path which other and cleverer men have mistaken; and as the veriest cripple who progresses [*Bah!*] in the right direction will beat the strongest pedestrian who chooses a wrong path, I trust to being able to instruct even those before whose superior knowledge and abilities I would otherwise bow in silence."

The axiomatic paragraph we first quoted above, demonstrates the bias of the author's mind, and without going into any diatribe against sensual or other luxuries, we are ready to subscribe to his pure intellectual remedial theories; only reserving our own poor conviction that no human being ever yet, since the world began, was susceptible of high intellectual culture and pre-eminence, who did not participate, and perhaps rather strongly, in the animal passions. Pith, the origin of force, resides in both; at first in the lowest, which is corrected and sublimed to become the grand element of the last. But a naturally unfeeling creature never could be made a great philosophical teacher of mankind. We are far from advocating the physical against the moral and intellectual, but we would protest against the other extreme of theory,—representing the feeble mind as strong, merely because it was an ideal something unconnected with its corporeal tenement, whether debilitated or vigorous and sound. It requires both conditions, the *mens sana in corpore sano*, to be able to go profitably along with our author in his recondite disquisitions on the general principles of classification, etherology, anthropics, and other profound and often novel introductory matters; from which we extricate ourselves to come to less abstract and metaphysical considerations. The following enunciates a startling hypothesis:—

"The only path by which any nation, at any age or in any country, ever accomplished any thing that was great or good either in science or in art, was by steady progressive aggregation of experience, without ever looking back or attempting to copy; and the corollary to this,—That wherever a nation has steadily followed this path, it has succeeded in accomplishing as much as it was possible it should do in the time and with the materials at its disposal. On the contrary, wherever any nation has attempted any other path—such as that of copying or imitation, or indeed retrocession of any sort—it has done nothing which is creditable to it, and can do nothing."

Can this, as a general truth, be borne out in subdivision of parts? Profusely illustrated by several fine plates, and many excellent wood-engravings, Mr. Fergusson pursues his inquiry into the state of the fine arts from the earliest times, of which any remains have been left to instruct us; and, from his extensive travels, he has it almost always in his power to bring his own careful personal examination of these relics to enlighten the subject. Thus Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Etruria, Asia Minor, India, and Rome, submit their tombs and temples, sculptures, paintings, vases, gems, theatres, baths, aqueducts, and every production of art of all ages, to his comparison and discussion; and it is but justice to state, that he has compared and discussed them with great skill and ability; always remembering that he is not a follower of opinions, but, on the contrary, sometimes rather paradoxical in asserting his own judgment. There are, however, no paradoxes in the selected selections, which we have made as examples (in however inconsiderable a degree) of our learned and intelligent author. On the Statuary of Greece and Egypt he observes:—

"In Egypt the architectural forms of the colossal group admirably with the surrounding objects, and produce a wholeness of design, which, though it may be at the expense of the sculptor's art, adds infinitely to the architectural conception."

"Besides, it must be borne in mind, that a statue the size of life would have become a pigmy and have been utterly lost among the immensity of their great buildings; colossal were essentially requisite, and in their formation of them I cannot but think that the Egyptians showed better taste than those who have succeeded them. A Grecian colossus is a magnified man, and unless placed on some eminence, or at such a distance that it is reduced to something like natural proportions to the eye, is, to say the least of it, in very questionable taste, and more like the giants and giant-killers introduced into story-books to excite the wonder of children, than the more legitimate means of obtaining a desired effect of sublimity."

"The architectural form of Egyptian statues entirely takes away this defect; they are rigid and formal, but they are also massive and solid; no part in action, no part standing free, and the throne on which they sit, and the pillar at the back, add still further to the solidity of the mass,—they seem built up (if I may use the expression) to last for ever; and after four thousand years we are more surprised to find them defaced and ruined than we should be if they were presented to us whole and intact."

"Yet with all this conventional form and stiffness, the great object for which they were executed is never lost sight of, or sacrificed, for they are all portraits, and, so far as we can judge, striking likenesses; and they possess an air of calm and dignified repose which gives a sublimity to a portrait-statue that neither the Greeks nor the Romans so perfectly attained. This may appear a bold and unwarranted assertion to those who are unfamiliar with the form of Egyptian art, and have not got over the repulsiveness of its strange and unfamiliar form; but to my mind, the monolithic granite colossus of Rhameses the Great, sixty feet in height, in the peristyle of the Rhamesseum, seated in calm majesty among architectural objects of a corresponding size and design, and of which he forms a part, is a more sublime conception than has since been executed in any part of the world, as the memorial of a man who was great in life, and who wished to convey to posterity a just appreciation of his power. It is not the mere colossus, a man beautiful in form and limb—but a king, or, according to the Egyptian conception, a demigod. Look at it as we will, no portrait-statue has ever been conceived so sublime and godlike—nothing ever executed so mechanically great."

(To be concluded in our next.)

TRAGEDY BY MASSINGER.

Believe as you List. Printed for the Percy Society. Edited by T. C. Croker.

THE Percy Society has achieved a striking literary triumph, in recovering from oblivion a manuscript tragedy, by Philip Massinger, and now, for the first time, giving it to the public through the medium of the press. The genuineness of this play is beyond question; for, not venturing to rely entirely on our own judgment in such a matter, we have sought the opinions of the highest authorities in dramatic reproduction and criticism, and not one whom we have consulted entertains a doubt of its being the work of Massinger. And the appearance, at this late period, of the play of an illustrious dramatist, advertised for representation as far back as 1631, and lost to the world till now, is an event so unprecedented, even in the present rage for literary resuscitation, that we feel sure our readers will expect us to enter somewhat fully into its history. The task is one that "physics pain;" and yet, in one respect, it is not easy. And it is not easy, simply because the rarity of such a discovery almost insensibly leads us to dwell upon the unexpected treasure, and half forget the necessity of comparing it with its kindred; as the antiquary, who digs up a rare curiosity, is more delighted with it for the present, and ponders more fondly over his good fortune, though his museum may, perchance, contain more important specimens.

On the 6th of May, 1631, the all-powerful Sir Henry Herbert, who then performed with regard to theatres similar but more extensive duties than those

now consigned to the Lord Chamberlain, gave his written permission that a "play called *Believe as you List* may be acted." Then were the actors, Messrs. Taylor, Robinson, and Lowin—all names well known to the dramatic antiquary, busy with their parts and their properties. The play was acted; but, alas! for what we know, thunders of applause or volleys of hisses were the author's reward. The latter supposition is certainly improbable; but many fine dramas have been condemned on the first night, and yet afterwards read with delight. Be this as it may, the manuscript was not destroyed. It was put by, and even escaped the researches of Warburton's cook.* The only notice taken of it during the last century was an incidental allusion by Colley Cibber. But still the volume was not forthcoming. It would sleep; and Gifford, after a vain search, concluded that it had perished.

Such was the state of affairs, when, early in the year 1844, Mr. Samuel Beltz discovered the lost tragedy amongst a bundle of old papers in his possession, and with great liberality presented it to his friend, the present editor, to whom the public are deeply indebted for printing it. Our readers may not know so well as we do, how many there are who, like monkeys, delight in hiding their treasures where they are of no earthly utility, and who appear to derive their pleasure from the longings of the unfortunates who have zeal enough to take their burial to heart. But to return to our subject, and give the substance of Mr. Croker's very straight-forward tale.

Colley Cibber, in his Apology, affirms that he had seen the play, with the license of Lord Henry Herbert for its representation; and Mr. Beltz had reason to infer that it was formerly in the hands of Garrick. Mr. Beltz writes:—

"It has unluckily suffered somewhat from time and carelessness; but one leaf only seems to have been sacrificed in Warburton's kitchen, if it ever found its way at all into that den of iniquity. The title, at least, I believe to be in Massinger's own hand-writing; and the license, in that of Sir Henry Herbert, dated 6 May, 1631, proves its originality. It is well known from other sources that it was first acted on the following day."

Mr. Beltz subsequently writes:—

"Lest there should be any misconception about the history of the Massinger MS., I wish to explain that it is only from inference that I have supposed it was ever in Garrick's possession. My late brother was entirely unconscious of its existence. It was concealed in a vast mass of rubbish which was submitted to my inspection by a member of my family previous to its intended destruction; and the discovery was made only a few days before I sent the document to you. The lumber, from which I selected that and other papers of less interest, had accumulated in the course of years from many sources; the origin of some portions I have been wholly unable to trace."

"The manuscript of the play of '*Believe as you List*,' from its commencement to the termination of the license, was written on forty-eight pages of foolscap paper in a small hand, sometimes not easy to be read. Of the second leaf only an inconsiderable portion remains, and the top and bottom of the paper have been injured in some places by damp. In four additional pages after the license, the prologue, epilogue, and property directions are preserved."

"The manuscript is stitched up in a parchment cover, which appears to have been a cancelled 'Indenture, made the seventh daie of October in the seven and thirtieth year of the reign of our Sovereigne L. . . . Ireland, Queen, defender of the faith, &c. Between Nicholas Fuller, of London, Esquier—of the one parte, and Thomas . . . as may be afterwards gleaned, Jones and Judith (his wife) respecting a 'tenement and plot of ground, heretofore called Ramsey Corte, and nowe of late commonly called or knowne by the name of . . . and it is presumed being in the parish of

* Warburton was contemporary Somerset Herald, and this play was set down as one of those employed in fire-lighting by his cook.

St. 'Giles's without, Criplegate, in the suburbs of the city of London.' This holding, it further appears, was to be for thirty years, and for the payment of 'Tenne Shillinges.' On the outside page of this parchment, or back of the cancelled indenture, is written the title, in what I agree with Mr. Beltz in regarding as Massinger's autograph, and of which I have had, under instructions from the Council of the Percy Society, a fac-simile carefully prepared. Although Massinger's name is there spelled Massenger, those who recollect the idle controversy about the spelling of the name of our immortal bard, his contemporary, will perhaps thank me for not saying one word upon the subject beyond merely calling attention to it, and following Mr. Gifford as my authority, that he did spell his name Massinger.

"If, however, I at once yield to the popular reading, or rather spelling, in this matter, I feel it to be my duty, as an honest editor, to retain the punctuation of the manuscript as far as I have been able to do so, being satisfied, from certain indications in the colour of the inks, and other circumstances, that Massinger himself must partially have punctuated it, or corrected and dictated the punctuation.

"For the punctuation, generally speaking, I am therefore alone responsible; and I cannot perceive that it offers the slightest impediment to the comprehension of the perfect sense; while, to my ear, (but I may be mistaken,) certain unfashionable pauses greatly enhance the value of the reading."

"To the play itself! To say it bears any comparison with Shakspeare would be an absurdity; nor, indeed, is it so fine as those which are generally considered to be the master-pieces of Massinger, but it will be read with great pleasure, and be ranked among his better dramas.

Antiochus, King of Lower Asia, after twenty-two years' wandering over the world, opens the scene, within two hours' travel of Carthage, in a finely descriptive dialogue with a Stoic philosopher, his companion; and we learn that he is about to proclaim his identity, and appeal, either on the justice of his cause, or through the aid of warlike allies, to the Romans, to be restored to his throne. The King is, however, much disheartened, and looks despondingly to the yet unconquered Asian princes, or to the jealous Carthaginians to help him. He says:

"Ambition knows no kinked; right and lawfall
Was never yet founde as a marginnall note
In the blacke booke of profit. I am suncke
To lowe to be bouyde up, it beinge helde
A foolishnesse, and disease in statistes
In favour of a weakie man to provoke
Such as are mightie."

A chasm occurs here; and the next legible scene is a taunting one between *Berecinthus*, a Flamen, or arch-priest of Cybele, who espouses the interests of three Asiatic merchants, and their oppressor, the imperious *Flaminus*, the Roman ambassador to Carthage. *Flaminus* departs in wrath, and *Antiochus* entering, is recognised by *Berecinthus* and the merchants. He laments over his former power and glory, when—

"Rome herself
And Carthage, emulous whose side I should
Confirm in my protection. Oh! Remembrance,
With what ingenious cruelty and tortures,
Out of a due consideration of
My present low and desperate condition,
Dost thou afflict me now?"

And it is only the lamentable condition of his country that induces him to acknowledge his pristine state. *Antiochus*, indeed, unlike most martial leaders, wept over the ruin his "ambition's folly" had occasioned:—

"The genius of my country, made a slave,
Like a weeping mother seems to kneel before me,
Wringing her manacled hands; the hopeful youth
And bravery of my kingdom, in their pale and ghastly
Looks lamenting that they were
Too soon by my means forced from their sweet being."

For two-and-twenty years, as we have observed, he had paid a forfeit to his conscience, and "shed a sea of tears" in his regrets; and now, wishing to free

his country from the bondage of Rome, he enters a town, where the senate is awed by the Roman ambassador, who spares no pains to deny his identity against the strongest proofs he brings forward, and eventually imprisons, and deprives him of life. The whole drama turns on the fortunes of this sovereign, his virtue, and noble carriage, under the most trying difficulties. There is, literally, no counter-plot in the progress of events,—or scarcely any that can be fairly so called; yet his adventures are conducted with so much art, that were one scene, unsuitable in its present form, slightly altered, we feel convinced the play might be rendered effective on the private stage, with an audience sufficiently refined to dispense with an undoubted deficiency of action.

Antiochus is, in fact, the hero of the drama, and the other parts are all but subservient to the delineation of his character. And the mannerism is so little varied, that we shall chiefly confine our extracts to his speeches. There is great power in the following soliloquy. He distrusts the influence of truth in establishing his claim to the sovereignty:—

"Can I, in this weed,
Without gold to feed advocate,
To plead my royal title, nourish hope
Of a recovery? Forlorn majesty,
Wanting the outward gloss and ceremony
To give it lustre, meets no more respect
Than knowledge with the ignorant."

Too tough heart,
Will nothing break thee? Oh, that now I stood
On some high pyramid, from whence I might
Be seen by the whole world, and with a voice
Louder than thunder, pierce the ears of proud
And secure greatness with the true relation
Of my remarkable story, that my fall
Might not be fruitless, but still live the great
Example of man's frailty. I, that was
Born and bred up a king, whose frown or smile
Spoke death or life: my will a law, my person
Environ'd with an army, now exposed
To the contempt and scorn of my own slave,
Who, in his pride, as a god compared with me,
Bids me become a beggar. But complaints
Are weak and womanish. I will, like a palm-tree,
Grow under my huge weight; nor shall the fear
Of death or torture that dejection bring.
To make me live or die less than a king."

This resolution is nobly carried out to the last, though his indignation is occasionally aroused by the want of feeling and justice exhibited by his enemies. He thus in one place addresses the Roman ambassador:—

"Rise, thou cursed agent
Of mischief, and accumulate in one heap
All engines by the devil thy tutor fashioned
To ruin innocence. In poison steeped
Thy bloodied tongue, and let thy words, as full
Of bitterness as malice, labour to seduce
These noble hearers. Make me
In thy coined accusation, guilty of
Such crimes, whose names my innocence were knew—
I'll stand the charge; and when thou hast shot
All arrows in thy quiver feather'd with
Slanders, and aimed with cruelty in vain;
My truth, though yet conceal'd, (the mountains of
Thy glossed fictions in her strength removed,)
Shall in a glorious shape appear, and show
Thy painted mistress falsehood, when stripped bare
Of borrowed and adulterate colours,
In her own shape and deformity."

Antiochus is, at length, cast into prison; and after he had been left several days without food, instruments of death are placed within his reach by the order of *Flaminus*, in the hope that he would commit suicide to relieve himself from his misery. His desire for death, and escape from this temptation, are finely given:—

"Death! as far as faintness
Will give me leave to chide thee, I am angry
Thou comest not at me. No attendance? Famine,
Thy meagre harbingers, flatters me with hope
Of thy so-wished arrival; yet thy coming
Is still deferred. Why? Is it in thy scorn
To take a lodging here? I am a king;
And though I know the reverence that waits
Upon the potent sceptre, nor the guards
Of faithful subjects; neither threats nor prayers
Of friends, or kindred, nor yet walls of brass
Or fire, should their proud height knock at the moon,
Can stop thy passage, when thou art resolved
To force thy entrance. Yet a king in reason,
By the will of fate sever'd from common men,
Should have the privilege and prerogative,
When he is willing, to disrobe himself
Of this cobweb garment—life; to have thee ready

To do thy fatal office. What have we here?
A poynard and a halter! From the objects,
I am easily instructed to what end
They were prepared. Either will serve the turn
To ease the burthen of a wretched life,
Or thus or thus in death. I must commend
The Roman courtesy! How! am I grown
So cheap and vile in their opinion, that
I am denied an executioner?
Will not the loss of my life quit the cost?
Oh! rare frugality! Will they force me
To be mine own hangman? Every slave that's guilty
Of crimes not to be named, receives such favour
By the judge's doom; and is my innocence—
The oppress'd innocence of a star-cross'd king—
Held more contemptible? My better angel,
Though wanting power to alter fate,
Discovers their hellish purposes. Yes, yes, 'tis so!
My body's death will not suffice! They aim'd at
My soul's perdition, and shall I shun
A few hours more of misery to betray her?
No! she is free still, and shall so return
From whence it came, and in her pureness triumph—
Their tyrannical chain'd and fetter'd!"

We turn from this, which will bear comparison with anything to be found in Massinger, to the best wrought scene in the play, where they attempt to persuade the king to put aside his title by means of the blandishments of a beautiful, though not a virtuous, syren. We cannot, for obvious reasons, quote much of it; but there is poetry in her seductive promises of happiness:—

"I, as your better genius,
Will lead you from this place of horror,
To a paradise of delight, to which compared
Thessalian Tempe, or that garden where
Venus, with her revived Adonis, spend
Their pleasant hours,
Deserve not to be named. There, in an arbour,
Of itself supported o'er a bubbling spring,
With purple hyacinths and roses covered,
We'll enjoy the sweets of life. And, when call'd for,
The choristers of the air shall give us music;
And when we slumber, in a pleasant dream
You shall behold the mountains of vexations,
Which you have heard of upon the Roman tyrants
In your free resignation of your kingdom,
And smile at their afflictions."

The title of the play has nothing to do with the subject, and appears to have been capriciously adopted for want of a better. In the Prologue, speaking of himself, the author says to the audience:

"You sit his judges, and like judges be,
From favour to his cause, or malice free:
Then whether he hath hit the white or miss'd it,
As the title speaks, 'Believe you as you list.'"

In editing this work, Mr. Croker has given us an exact copy of the original manuscript—leaving the modernization to the judgment of the reader—in the state in which it came from the hands of the author. The facsimiles add to the value of the publication, which is undoubtedly one of the most valuable contributions that has been made for many a day to our early dramatic literature. Still, had it been possible to have a Gifford or a Dyce to revise and edit it, we should not have disliked that guidance and explanation which Mr. Croker has modestly declined.

It was finely said, that a virtuous man, nobly struggling against adversity, was a spectacle worthy of the Gods: such is Massinger's *Antiochus*.

It must raise the Percy Society higher in public estimation, and reinforce the ranks that are entitled to such productions: those within the year having always commanded a much higher price in the trade than the Sovereign (alias 20s.) amount of the subscription.

THE YANKEE TONGUE.

Dictionary of Americanisms: a Glossary of Words and Phrases colloquially used in the United States. By J. R. Bartlett. 8vo. New York: Bartlett and Wellford. London: Smith.

It is no very easy matter for critics on this side of the Atlantic to pronounce a judgment on this book, and say in what its philological value really consists. For aught we know, some century or two hence, it may be the chief medium of communication with the American writers of the present day—an interpreter for which our successors may be thankful. But there is another and more important light in which the work can be viewed—a reflected illustration of

* This is not a bad reading, though we strongly suspect Massinger wrote *ambitious folly*.

the old colloquial literature and modern provincial dialects of England. When we consider the constitution of the American people,—we mean the history of their formation as a people,—it creates little astonishment to be told that at least nine-tenths of the colloquial peculiarities of New England are derived directly from Great Britain, and that they are now provincial in those parts from which the early colonists emigrated, or are to be found in the writings of well accredited authors of the period when that emigration took place. But there is one great difficulty in the way of accepting the traditional language as a true child of the ancient idiom—the change which a century has produced in all its nicer peculiarities. It is owing to this that our American friends always make sad mistakes when they analyse the phraseology of our early dramatists, without considering the permutations their English has undergone.

Duly considering these matters, and regarding Mr. Bartlett's book as a redemption of the promise held out in its title-page, we freely acknowledge it to be the most valuable contribution of the kind that has yet appeared from the American press. It has evidently been compiled with great labour and care, and although we miss a few words, such as *sherry-cobbler*, (not greatly to be deplored now at Christmas,) it unfolds an enormous quantum of vernacular words and phrases. We observe, and with some entertainment, that some of those we are accustomed to consider amongst the worst American vulgarisms are, in reality, English provincialisms separated from the rural dialect, and thus degenerating into slang.

In making the following selection of extracts, we have desired to present our readers with a notion of the manner in which the work has been compiled, excluding articles which may be curious only to the philological student:—

"BARNBURNERS. The nickname of one of the present divisions of the great Democratic party, otherwise called Young Democracy; the other is called the Old Hunker.

"The following editorial of the *Ohio Union*, a Democratic paper in Cincinnati, will define the political sentiments of these parties:—

"There is one class of the Democratic party which seeks the retention of power in the hands of a few—the direction of the disposition of offices—would, if possible, restrain the impulses of the Democracy—would check its progressive tendency—is unfavourable to, or fearful of, the extension of the 'area of freedom'—and, in fine, in the language of Alexander Hamilton, would restrain 'the amazing violence of the popular or democratic spirit.' Who would likewise prescribe a fixed rule for present and future, by which the Democracy of every man should be judged, leaving no margin for honest differences on minor points; and would proscribe all who do not fit the dimensions of their intellect, feelings, and opinions, to the Procrustes bed which they have made for them. This is the class which we denominate 'Old Hunkers.'

"There is another class who would divide power among the many—would leave it entirely where it belongs, with the masses of the people—who would have offices filled by men taken from among the people, and not confined to those who live by office and make politics a trade—who have sympathies with the people, understand their interests and feelings, and will seek to have both satisfied, while they honestly and faithfully discharge the duties of their offices—who care less about the disposition of offices than they do about the principles of Democracy and the measures and policy of the Government—who desire always and continually the 'extension of the area of freedom'—who believe that the Democratic impulses are right, and should be obeyed, and not thwarted—who would admit to the ranks of Democracy ALL who agree with us upon the great cardinal principles of Democracy, and upon the great national policy, now acted upon by the General Government—who believe in and favour progress, and

would not prescribe a fixed rule in all minor matters for all time, but would adapt action to the circumstances and exigencies which arise in the progression of events, and to the rights and interests which accompany or result from that progression and its changes—and, finally, who have in their hearts 'sworn eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man.' These we denominate 'the young Democracy.' This is progressive 'Young Democracy.'

"OLD HUNKERS.' We have been requested to give a definition of this term. Party nicknames are not often logically justified; and we can only say that that section of the late dominant party in this State (the democratic) which claims to be the more radical, progressive, reformatory, &c., bestowed the appellation 'Old Hunker' on the other section to indicate that it was distinguished by opposite qualities from those claimed for itself. We believe the title was also intended to indicate that those on whom it was conferred had an appetite for a large *hunk* of 'the spoils'—though we never could discover that they were peculiar in that. On the other hand, the opposite school was termed *Barnburners*, in allusion to the story of an old Dutchman who relieved himself of rats by burning his barns which they infested—just like exterminating all Banks and Corporations to root out the abuses connected therewith. The fitness or unfitness of these family terms of endearment is none of our business.—N. Y. Tribune.

"They have gone into such depths of *Barnburning Radicalism*, that a large portion of the rank and file are determined not to follow.—*Ibid.*

"TO KNOW B FROM A *bull's foot*. It is a common phrase to say, 'He does not know B from a bull's foot,' meaning that a person is very illiterate, or very ignorant. The term *bull's foot* is chosen merely for the sake of the alliteration—as in the similar phrases, 'He does not know B from a broomstick,' or 'B from a battledoor.' It is a very old saying; Mr. Halliwell finds it in one of the Digby MSS.

"BOBBERY. A squabble, a row; common both in England and America.—*Moor, Forby*.

"That woke up the confounded rooks from their first nap, and kick'd up such a *bobbery*.—*Sam Slick in England*, ch. ii.

"I've been writing to Aunt Keziah about the *bobbery* you New Yorkers always get into about the first of May.—*Maj. Downing*.

"BUCKRA. A white man. A term universally applied to white men by the blacks of the African coast, the West Indies, and the southern States. In the language of the Calabar coast, *uckra* means devil; not, however, in the sense we apply to it, but that of a demon, a powerful and superior being. The term *swanga uckra*, often used by the blacks, means an elegantly dressed white man, or dandy. I am indebted to the Rev. J. L. Wilson, who is familiar with the African language alluded to, for the etymology of this word.

"Which country you like best? *Buckra* country very good—plenty for yam (food)—plenty for bamboo (clothing). *Buckra* man book larn. *Buckra* man rise early: he like a cold morning; nigger no like cold.—*Carmichael's West Indies*, vol. i. p. 311.

"CRAMBO. A diversion in which one gives a word, to which another finds a rhyme. If the same word is repeated, a forfeit is demanded. It was also a term in drinking, as appears from Dekker.—*Halliwell's Arch. and Prov. Dictionary*.

"This amusement is practised in New York, where it is also called 'What is my thought like?'

"HANG. 'To get the *hang* of a thing' is to get the knack or habitual facility of doing it well. A low expression frequently heard among us. In the Craven Dialect of England is the word *hank*, a habit; from which this word *hang* may perhaps be derived.

"If ever you must have an indifferent teacher

for your children, let it be after they have got a fair start, and have acquired the *hang* of the tools for themselves.—*Prime, Hist. of Long Island*, p. 82.

"He had been in pursuit of the science of money-making all his life, but could never get the *hang* of it.—*Pickings from the Picayune*.

"Suggs lost his money and his horse, but then he hadn't got the *hang* of the game.—*Simon Suggs*, p. 44.

"Well, now, I can tell you that the sheriffs are the easiest men for you to get the *hang* of, among all the public officers.—*Greene on Gambling*.

"HASTY-PUDDING. Indian meal stirred in boiling water into a thick batter or pudding, and eaten with milk, butter, and sugar or molasses. Joel Barlow wrote a poem on the subject, in which he thus accounts for its name:

"Thy name is *Hasty-pudding!* thus our sires
Were wont to greet thee fuming from their fires;
And while they argued in thy just defence
With logic clear, they thus explain'd the sense:—
'In *haste* the boiling cauldron, o'er the blaze,
Receives and cooks the ready-powder'd maize;
In *haste* 'tis served, and then in equal *haste*,
With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.'
Such is thy name, significant and clear—
A name, a sound to every Yankee dear.—*Canto I.*

"Hasty-pudding is a favourite dish in every part of the United States. In Pennsylvania and some other States it is called *mush*; in New York, *suppaw*. *Hasty-pudding*, in England, is made of milk and flour.

"Sure *hasty-pudding* is thy chiefest dish,
With bullock's liver or some stinking fish.
Dorset Poems."

LIFE OF LORD LONDONDERRY.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh. Edited by his brother, Charles Vane, Marquis of Londonderry. 8vo. Vols. III. & IV. Colburn. If we found very little in the two preceding volumes to interest us as of public value (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1656,) we cannot say that this continuation has broken the dull and long-winded spell. With the present excitement about Ireland before our eyes, we become drowsy, and shut them on the particulars (some of them exceedingly small) which affected that country half a century ago. It was, no doubt, one of the most important periods in its history; but since then, so entire an alteration has ensued, and every circumstance comes to be viewed in altogether so different a light, that the proceedings of 1799, 1800, and 1801, offer no grounds for political action or measures of national government. The lesson is useless: it is thrown away: it is past: it belongs to the ancient world. Lord Clarendon can no more build a policy upon anything done by Lord Cornwallis, than he could upon a decree of King Nebuchadnezzar; nor Sir William Somerville take a step after the example of Lord Castlereagh than he could perform a *pas* after Taglioni. *Cui bono*, then, what is the use of publishing all this correspondence? A hundred letters speculating upon the consequences likely to result from the Union, are rendered nullities by our experience of what has ensued. Another hundred of despatches concerning matters which have been "realized" are equally valueless. Another hundred from individuals, *pro* and *con*, are utterly nugatory as *a priori* arguments set at rest by *a posteriori* events; and the reports of parliamentary debates, both in Ireland and England, only go to complete the mass of surplurage; to which the discussion of Catholic Emancipation and the Tythe System in 1802 could assuredly add no novelty.

The letters relating to the self-seeking of the supporters of the Union, the peerages claimed, and the distinctions and offices demanded, are, perhaps, the most curious of the documents preserved, or rather, we should say, referred to; for they are the theme of much argument between the Lord Lieutenant, Cornwallis, and Lord Castlereagh, the negotiator and carrier of the Union on the Irish side of the Channel, and Mr. Pitt, Lord Camden, and the Duke of Portland, the ministers, on the English side

Honest George III., with his usual strong constitutional principles, and great aversion to conferring high honours on low deserters for political services, demurred sturdily against the creation of so many peers; and was, at last, only induced to give his reluctant consent, on the ground that his representatives in Ireland were bound by promises to procure these rewards for their "Helps," and that, if repudiated, they (Cornwallis and Castlereagh) must consider themselves disgraced, and resign. And so the job was finished, as Sir Pertinax Macsycophant might state it, with services on one hand and gratitude on the other, and a good lot of Lords advanced in title and dignity, or sprung up into flower from the wealthy and influential Commons' hotbed.

In June, 1800, Lord Castlereagh writes from Dublin Castle to Mr. Cooke the following remarkable letter, which sets the whole business in a striking light:—

"I am not much surprised that Ministers should abstractedly wish to get rid of B—, though I should feel very much so, if they should put that or any other awkwardness in competition with Lord Cornwallis's honour. They sent him into this country, to risk an established character, at the close of a political life, and I cannot easily persuade myself that Mr. Pitt will give him up on a point of patronage, after what he has accomplished. But, from King's arguments, it appears that the Cabinet, after having carried the measure by the force of influence, of which they were apprised in every despatch sent from hence for the last eighteen months, wish to forget all this: they turn short round, and say it would be a pity to tarnish all that has been so well done, by giving any such shock to the public sentiment. If they imagine they can take up popular grounds by disappointing their supporters, and by disgracing the Irish Government, I think they will find themselves mistaken. It will be no secret what has been promised, and by what means the Union has been secured. Disappointment will encourage, not prevent, disclosure; and the only effect of such a proceeding on their part will be, to add the weight of their testimony to that of the Anti-Unionists, in proclaiming the profligacy of the means by which the measure has been accomplished.

"Both the Duke of Portland's despatch and King's conversation seem to represent the sixteen new Peerages as created for the sole purpose of carrying the elections, and they say, we don't care if the half of the number is chosen against Government; the English of which is (if it has any meaning at all) that it is of little importance to us whether Lord Cornwallis is enabled to fulfil the expectations he has given, for the security of the measure, to its friends in the Lords or not: now the point is carried, let its supporters take care of themselves—let the Government, under whose faith they acted, settle it themselves as they can; and, notwithstanding the authority under which Lord Cornwallis acted, and which he never exercised in favour of a personal friend of his own, we are determined now to sit in judgment on all his engagements, to new-model them upon a communication not made in the most amicable terms, as best suits our own convenience, and, having condemned his conduct, to call upon him to preach moderation to his supporters; and, instead of fulfilling his engagements, to acquaint them that it is expected, from their known attachment to the King's Government, that they will waive their claims and be perfectly satisfied with whatever the popular sentiment enables his Majesty's Ministers to do for them.

"It appears singular to me, that the most superficial observer should suppose the new Peerages were conferred for any purposes of support connected with the House of Lords: they are all granted either to persons actually members of or connected with the House of Commons.

"The only question is, if the Peerages are to be granted, whether, in policy or upon constitutional grounds, we are called upon to forego their support in the elections, by postponing their creations till after the Union passes. My own feeling has always been, that, on the latter grounds, it is due to them to

give them a participation in the elections. I think an opposite course shows that we are ashamed to face the act we are about to perfect; but, on the grounds of policy, the question is, whether a defeat will not bring upon Government a number of disappointed claimants, to whom you can make retribution in no other way than by giving them British Peerages; and, next, if we cannot afford to be beaten, whether it is not more desirable to take our security in the support of the new peers, who do not aspire to the representation themselves, than to depend altogether upon the support of the existing peers, who, if they can be prevailed upon to waive their own pretensions, will certainly rely much on the sacrifice: and we shall thus perhaps incur a new expenditure of patronage, as a reward for our scruples; if, by our weakness, we make the peers of our party, whom we do not mean to support, of too much consequence, they will certainly avail themselves of their authority (and we should recollect the Bishops cannot assist), whereas, if they are kept a little in check by new creations, their support will be more easily had, less cabal will take place in the elections, and the general strength of Government in the House of Lords will refute any charge of the creations being for election purposes.

"I have not time to add more at present. I confess what has passed has wounded my feelings sensibly. I certainly was prepared for objections to an extensive arrangement, particularly on B—'s subject; but I thought they would have been urged with a cordiality towards Lord Cornwallis, which his services seem to command, and not in the tone and spirit of an adverse party. Efforts of influence more ostensible have been made by the Government of this kingdom, under the pressure of necessities less urgent than those he has had to contend with: they have received the countenance and support of the present Ministers; and I should hope, if Lord Cornwallis has been the person to buy out and secure to the Crown for ever the fee-simple of Irish corruption, which has so long enfeebled the powers of Government and endangered the connexion, that he is not to be the first sacrifice to his own exertions; nor is the present the first occasion upon which the King's Ministers will, I trust, think it expedient to conciliate popular opinion, by failing towards those who have served them to the best of their abilities.—
EVER, &c.,
CASTLEREAGH."

Anything more on the question would be superfluous. We shall merely copy a passage or two from Lord Camden, in which are noticed the oppositions to the sweeping elevations in suspense:—

"When, however, the appearance of acting with ill faith towards the King's Ministers in another country is taken into the scale with the feelings of Lord Cornwallis and Lord Castlereagh, I should imagine Mr. Pitt and the rest of the Ministers will endeavour to overcome the King's prejudices; but they would not have been faithful to him, had they not combated, with real and sincere desire of success, the Marquises, and the English Peerages. * * *

"I have written a letter to Lord Castlereagh from hence, after seeing Mr. Pitt, to relieve his mind from the anxiety it is suffering, on account of the difficulties which have been made to some of Lord Cornwallis's arrangements. I imagine they will all be assented to, though Sir J. B.'s creation and representation is almost intolerable."

The only other letter we think it worth while to quote relates to a very different subject. It is—

"The Cardinal of York to Sir J. C. Hippisley.

"(Received 12th September.) Frascati, July 6, 1800.

"My dear Sir John,—I received your most obliging and cordial letter of the 15th of April, and remark with comfort the very kind interest you take in my present personal situation, which, I am sorry to be obliged to confess to you with freedom, is more distressful actually than it was several months ago, for, whilst I was, as one may say, with truth, a downright vagabond, I could, in certain cases, restrain myself,

* It is curious that the messenger from Whitehall to Dublin should be named Courvoisier.

in compensation of the incredible cost that attended certain journeys, rendered indispensable and grievous in the present state of things. I arrived here, with a very sore heart, the 25th of last month, and, alas! I was obliged to be minutely informed of the total devastation of all my residences both at Rome and Frascati; and the necessary and indispensable reparations to render possible a decent and sure lodging have amounted to a considerable sum, and it is but too certain that I have not at present the least hopes to be able to recover anything that may put me in a situation to deliver me from positive indigence. Imagine the sense of gratitude that is renewed in my heart, reflecting what it would have been, if I had been deprived of the liberality that I am to receive in the present month of July for the second period; and it is not improper to remark, that the incredible devastations that those enemies of humanity have committed in a degree, that it affects any good heart, when obliged to contemplate such excessive misery, without being able to relieve the distressed in a manner suitable to their wants. You will easily conceive, with your extreme goodness of heart, that it would be very necessary for the quiet of my mind to procure that the subventions I have hitherto received in January and July may be settled in such a manner that, at a call, I may draw freely on some banker at those two terms. I am obliged to confess to you that the putting in doubt a continuation of what my past dismal situation required for my relief, seems an injurious diffidence towards a generous benefactor. But, as I write to you with great freedom, and that you are too well apprised of my sentiments, you will be able to justify my intentions, and that they have no other scope but in reality to quiet my mind with some kind of arrangement that may serve me as a rule with regard to what I can depend upon in the present circumstances, whereas, my arrival and settlement anew in this country oblige me by force to a more expensive treatment.—Dear Sir, &c.,

"HENRY, Cardinal."

The *Insurrection* which, as a necessary sort of Irishism, followed, or was united with the *Union*, led, between 10th November, 1800, and 24th February, 1801, to the execution of twenty-one out of thirty-four capital convicts, and the transportation of about as many more; and herein is the only parallel we can discover between the Ireland of that and the Ireland of the present period; and so much in favour of the humanity of the present, that capital punishment, except for horrid murders, has not reddened the calm administration of justice.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Six Months' Service in the African Blockade, from April to October 1848. By Commander Forbes, R.N. Bentley.

COMMANDER FORBES had other occasions to become acquainted with the nature of the Slave Trade besides the six months' experience here detailed whilst he cruised off the African coast in command of H.M.S. *Bonetta*. He describes that trade as most gainful. His figures are terrific:—

"The profitable result (he declares) is pretty well calculated by the merchant; and although it is a lottery to the people employed, he is safe enough. He fits out four, and expects to lose three vessels; if he should lose only two, he would consider himself lucky.

"Captures are, therefore, really of small consequence to the Slave-merchant, and certainly of little use towards the suppression or extinction of the Trade. During twenty-six years 103,000 slaves have been emancipated; while in the same period 1,795,000 slaves were actually landed! or rather more than over 69,000 slaves annually! (see Parliamentary Reports;) and last year, (notwithstanding the enormous proportion of empty vessels taken,) 60,000 slaves were landed!!

"On the other hand, the shipment is generally by agency, the merchant on the coast receiving bills to an enormous amount, payable only in the event of the vessel arriving in port. He is content to bear

the loss should she be taken, because one cargo in six will pay him well. As a proof how much must be gained by this system, slaves were sold on the coast of Africa in 1847, for a mere song—an old musket was considered too much—while in the Brazils they realized 50*l.* a piece.

"So long as there is a demand there will be slavers. No native Government will declare the Trade piracy, though it be carried on as such; and even suppose they did, the Trade would only be checked, and, perhaps, stopped for a time; but then the price of labour in the Brazils would increase so much in consequence of the demand, that the moment the blockade was raised, hundreds would risk even a pirate's doom.

"Burn and destroy wherever the merchant places his factory, and ruin must follow; but relax vigilance, and his successor will recommence.

"There is only one real cure for the Slave Trade, and that is the introduction of a cheap and useful system of Trade under Government superintendence, assisted by a reduction of prices at first, but no presents. Returns for a length of time would be necessarily small; but large quantities of palm and ground-nut oil, camwood, and ivory, might soon be brought to the market."

The whole substance of the work turns upon this view, but there are many traits of the manners and customs of the natives which give variety to the tale of horror. Here is a slave factory:—

"The slave, when offered for sale, passes the same examination that a horse or other animal would, with regard to his soundness, &c., in wind and limb; nor is it difficult to discover whether he has been refractory or not. If purchased, the slave is imprisoned in a barracoon, a shed made of heavy piles, driven deep into the earth, and lashed together with bamboos, thatched with palm leaves. If the barracoon be a large one, there is a centre row of piles; along each line of piles is a chain, and at intervals of about two feet is a large neck-link, in one of which each slave is padlocked. Should this method be deemed insufficient, two, and sometimes, in cases of great strength, three are shackled together; the strong man being placed between two others, and heavily ironed, and often beaten half to death beforehand to ensure his being quiet. The walls of the barracoon extend from four to six feet high, and between them and the roof is an opening about four feet, for the circulation of air. The floor is planked, not from any regard to comfort to the slave, but because a small insect, being in the soil, might deteriorate the merchandise, by causing a cutaneous disease.

"Night and day these barracoons are guarded by armed men; the slightest insubordination is immediately punished.

"Twice a day all but the most refractory are allowed out in the frontage, for the purpose of feeding, washing, and performing other offices; after each meal they are obliged to dance for exercise.

"Should the slave be shipped from the first barracoon, terrific horrors are saved; but if, on the other hand, the blockade is well kept up, hundreds of them are marched together considerable distances along the sea-coast, for more convenient places of shipment. In these marches dozens die of thirst, being whipped up to the last moment. A river is always made available, canoes being transported thither, and these chance-streams become the Lethe of Tartarus to the resuscitated slaves.

"When a chance offers for shipping, they are driven into the boats, and at considerable risk are pulled on board. It not unfrequently happens, that one of these boats is capsized, and some hundreds of victims are drowned.

"Sometimes, the blockade being well kept, it is impossible for the factors to load a vessel for months: the misery endured by the slave during this time can only be imagined. Constantly marched backwards and forwards, a distance of seventy and eighty miles, from the increase of expense, and frequently from the absolute want of provision, they are half starved; or, perhaps, (as was the case in 1847, to the number of

2,000,) they are murdered for want of provisions to keep them."

We will not go into the descriptions of the Slave Ships, which only continue the tale of monstrous barbarity. Commander Forbes' opinions are supported by the facts he relates; and a vocabulary, of his own collecting, of several native dialects, adds a literary interest to his volume.

EDUCATIONAL NOVEL.

Mordaunt Hall; a Novel. By the Author of 'Two Old Men's Tales,' &c. 3 vols. Colburn.

To call this a novel is almost a misnomer: it is an essay on education, connected together by two examples—the first bearing out the argument of the writer; and the last, departing from and contradicting it.

The first volume represents a beautiful girl, residing in a cottage, in the north of England, with her widowed father, who gives her a strange education in the Mary Wolstonecroft school, and without Christian religion. She falls a prey to a handsome seducer of superior station, and worse principles than are implanted by her own misguided ideas, who, after a mock marriage, abandons her, and allies himself to high rank in London. She has a child—the hero of the ensuing portion—lays him during a stormy night at the door of Mordaunt Hall, and, in her phrenzy, commits suicide.

The infant is adopted by Calantha, a deformed daughter of the Mordaunt family, and possessing those elevated sentiments and noble qualities with which novel writers are disposed to endow their cripples. Gideon (for he is, so called) is hence minutely traced through the changeful phases of tuition, through which his chance fortunes lead, from a fond nurse, the gardener's wife, through private lessons from Calantha, and Alice, her religious attendant; a numerous boarding-school, with a despot master; a tutor, who is smitten with an affection for him; and Oxford, where he greatly distinguishes himself, and carries away all the honours. The latter advantage is acquired through the friendship of a rich squire, Mr. Chandos, who is married to a sister of Calantha, who receives him into his family, where, unhappily, a mutual passion of intense devotedness springs up between the protégé and the only daughter and heiress of the patron. This he virtuously and gloriously resists; but the Fates will a catastrophe. Sitting at a play reveals their mutual sentiments, and the lovely and amiable girl rejects the suitor favoured by her parents, when she finds that her heart cannot be his. A tragical issue may be anticipated, for the course of true love never did run smooth!

Meanwhile, the heartless father of the charity-reared orphan has risen to the utmost political eminence as a statesman; is the greatest man of his time; but disappointed of happiness at home, and haunted by the memory of an apparition (*bona fide*) of his deserted victim and her baby, which invaded his repose on the very night on which she drowned herself after depositing the real infant in the portico of Mordaunt Hall, as she does its shadow eidolon at the feet of its unnatural parent. The latter half of the third volume brings Gideon into contact with this haughty though humbled being, and the scene between them is equal to the best the author has ever written. There are several others also (especially where Miriam becomes aware of her maternal destiny) of considerable power; and all the characters are drawn with much knowledge of human nature, and able discrimination of social position, and the different habits of thought and conduct resulting from personal station, and the conditions and circumstances that attend it.

With these merits, the book is defective in what we expect from publications of its class—it lacks entertainment. There is something of Rousseau in the type, but moral and religious. Indeed, the inculcation of precepts is too direct and teacher like. The sermon is not objectionable; but we do not like to find it where we look for a song.

We have already noticed that Gideon's course of life is not in conformity with his original nature, upbringing, and education; and here the lesson fails—whilst, in the other instances, the issue is demonstrated to be the inevitable consequence of these preliminaries. Altogether, the production is more didactic than is usual; and, perhaps, not even a moiety can be said to possess the interest generally attached to the plot and development of the novelist.

SCHILLER.

Correspondence of Schiller with Körner, comprising Sketches and Anecdotes of Goethe, the Schlegels, Wieland, and other Contemporaries. By L. Simpson, Esq. 3 vols. Bentley.

This is a thoroughly literary work. The correspondence commences in June, 1784, and concludes with the death of Schiller, on the 9th of May, 1805.* All the letters of this great man are beautiful and interesting. For transparent candour, simplicity, truth, intelligence, and genius, they stand alone, as far as we can form a judgment, as models; displaying the inmost soul of the illustrious man with the naivety and straightforwardness of the unsophisticated child. We have always esteemed Schiller as second to none of the immortal Germans of our age; and this correspondence not only confirms and strengthens that opinion, but makes us love as much as we admire him.

To afford our readers an idea of the numerous features in the three volumes which call for this panegyric, and produce these effects, is altogether impossible. They must be read from beginning to end, in order to taste their various attractions. *Nullum quod non ornabit tectum*, may be applied to every page. Here is one sentence, the force of which will be felt as singularly and stringently applicable to the cant of criticism affected by so many English writers at the present day, out of whose clouds of verbiage it is impossible to gather one clear or distinct idea, and yet who pretend to be oracles of public taste.

"I have not," says Schiller, "yet seen Richter's 'Esthetics.' It is so long since I have turned my attention to theoretical considerations on Art, that my mind is deadened to them, and I am disgusted with the shallow metaphysical twaddle of art-philosophers."

—Who is not?

Another passage will furnish us with the text for all we mean to say of a book that really does not admit of illustration by extracts, but, on the contrary, all through so good that it would be injured by the appearance of comparatively favourable exceptions. And, besides, if our readers will turn back to the *Gazettes* during the early months of last year, they will find that we have already exhibited, in translations from the original German publication, a number of striking passages, which were then first given to the world. But to our brief quotation, written only two months before he died; and is the last letter but one from him in the work.

"The confounded influenza has laid hold on me. I was confined for a fortnight to my bed, and every third day was seized with violent paroxysms of fever. Thank God! it has now left me, and I have regained strength faster than I could have expected, and have set to work again. I have never suffered in any winter so much as in this one, or done so little.

"I am glad you have seen *Iffland*. He is a first-rate comic actor, and I am glad comedies were the order of the day.

"I agree with you, that the 'Bell' is well qualified for a musical representation, but it must be done well by a person who understands what he is about. The master of the foundry must be represented as a hardy, honest, manly character, directing and overseeing the whole operation. The music must not pick out words and dally with minuteness, but must follow the spirit of the poem. I render thanks that I did not hear this music—of which I heard a *morceau* here—and that I was not present at this acting of Opitz and Madame Hartwig. I have not yet been able to send you a copy

* By a slip of the press, p. 334, vol. iii., the last letter is dated 5 May, 1801, instead of 1805.

of 'Phædra.' Before making a fair copy I wished to correct it, especially as regards the verse, and my illness prevented me from doing so. Now that I am better, I thought my time would be better employed at an original work, and thus 'Phædra' has been laid upon the shelf. The Duke has the only clean copy I could send you, and I must wait till he returns it. Have you read Marmontel's 'Memoirs,' published in four volumes? If you have not, procure them at once. They will interest you exceedingly, as they include half a century or more of French literature, and even throw a keen glance into the French revolution."

The few lines we have put in italics may, *mutato nomine*, stand, with more propriety of application, to this Correspondence. Insert the words "German Literature," instead of French, and limit the period to twenty years, the most stirring and extraordinary for political vicissitudes and the development of national talent that ever Germany experienced (for last year only witnessed the vicissitudes, without the genius to rule or point them), and you will have the true character of these very interesting volumes, which belong to no particular country, but to the widely-expanded social, communist, innocent, and elevating Republic of Letters!

AMERICA.

The Western World: Travels in the United States in 1846-47. By Alexander Mackay, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. 3 vols. Bentley.

PRICEMEL reviewing is occasionally a task imposed upon us by our plan and desire to bring the public acquainted with new works deserving of attention, as speedily as possible, and being debarred of the time and space necessary to do them entire justice "in toto!" In this predicament Mr. Mackay's *Western World* has placed us, and we can only introduce it to our readers this week.

Since Mr. James Stuart's publication, we have seen nothing on America so temperate, impartial, and sensible as this later view of that, since then, much changed and much advanced country; now containing so much general intelligence and political and statistical information. The author is an advocate for free trade, but his opinions do not seem to be warped in other respects by his ideas on this subject. He takes his stand at New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and other salient points, and thence surveys the commerce, politics, legislation, social system, and progress all around, from these centres, as it were, to the farthest circumference of the several circles. The method is very effective; whatever difference of judgment may be formed on the arguments. Of these we offer a short sample,—

"The Americans have it in their power to become all they dream of,—a self-subsisting, independent people, feeding and clothing themselves, and able to feed and clothe the world besides. To this, things ultimately, if left to take their course, will of themselves tend. But would it be worth the necessary cost to attempt to precipitate events? The United States are greater in their prospects than in all they have yet achieved. What is there to prevent them doing all that we have done? Have they not ingenuously equal to our own? have they not industry and enterprise to a degree which does credit to their origin? And if they want capital, are they not daily accumulating it? Nay, more, what is to prevent them doing more than we have done? Great as are our resources, they are trifling as compared to the undeveloped wealth of the North American continent. What we have done with capital, industry, and skill, they can achieve, and much more; for to these they add the raw material, for which our manufacturing interests are so largely dependent upon them. And in view of the rivalry at present existing, this is a dependence which cannot be contemplated with indifference. As regards the supply of cotton, we are as much at the mercy of America as if we were starving and to her alone we looked for food. She need not withhold her wheat: America could starve us by withholding her cotton. True, it is as much her interest as ours to act differently; and so long as it continues so, no difficulty will be experienced. But

a combination of circumstances may be supposed, in which America, at little cost to herself, might strike us an irrecoverable blow: a crisis might arise, when, by momentarily crippling our industry, she might push in and deprive us of the markets of the world. And who, should the opportunity arise, will guarantee her forbearance? Fill England with provisions—let her harbours be choked and her granaries bursting with their stores—what a spectacle would she present on a stoppage of one year's supply of cotton! It would do more to prostrate her in the dust, than all the armaments which America and Europe combined could hurl against her. What a tremendous power is this in the hands of a rival! The day may come, even should inclination be dead, when self-interest may drive her to the policy of shutting up our English factories, and crushing our English trade. She has, as it were, at her command, the great dam, from which all our motive power is derived, and has only to close the sluices, when she wishes our machinery to stop. It is the consciousness of this absolute dependence that induces many to look anxiously elsewhere for the supply of that, for which we are now wholly beholden to a rival. The cultivation of cotton in India is no chimera; the time may come when we may find it our safety."

Our scientific friend, Schonbein's Gun Cotton discovery, was a squib to this magazine: but, as we have said, we do nothing more this week than present Mr. Mackay to our readers, as an able expositor of the present condition of America.

The Knife and Fork.—Hurst and Co.

Is rather a more successful attempt at the railroad publication fictions; but this class, if not above par, is getting sadly below it, and fatiguing in point of numbers. We, however, copy two of the best passages, in favour of this pseudo epicure.

"*Adulteration of Kirchenwasser.*—About sixty years ago, a fragrant and delightful brandy was first distilled from a small tart cherry, called merises, a fruit peculiar in the Black Forest. The merise is a scarce tree, producing but the smallest quantity of fruit, and will flourish but under the warmest sun: in fact the merise is a fruit particularly scarce and small. Well, the brandy distilled from the merise was called Kirchenwasser; and speedily became so esteemed among epicures, that it was found needful to fabricate some fraudulent imitation of it; hence the comparative cheapness of a mixture now received everywhere as Kirchenwasser, a concoction in no way comparable with the distilled merises, of which it is a base imitation. It is absolutely impossible (from the scarcity of merises) to produce, in an honest way, one tenth of the quantity of the stuff sold as Kirchenwasser. The delicacy of the plant makes it so sensitive to the least cold, that a chilly night will utterly destroy its blossoms; in fact, it does not produce a good crop of fruit more than once in ten years: add to this unfruitfulness the fact that ten pints of merises will produce scarcely one pint of Kirchenwasser, and the extent of the imposture will be evident. The cheat has been so successful that it has almost ruined the honest distiller of the Black Forest; since he finds it impossible to sell real Kirchenwasser at the same moderate rate as fraudulent merchants are able to vend the counterfeit, poisoned brandy. It therefore behoves the epicure to regulate his palate with the greatest care, when he is about to test the genuineness of this brandy, for it is a brandy and not a liqueur, in its pure state: it may be made a liqueur—but at the expense of its purity. I would earnestly warn all men against the adulterate counterfeit, as it is most injurious in its effects, whereas Kirchenwasser brandy is a wholesome and agreeable tonic; but then this is extremely dear, whereas the imposture is cheap."

"*To keep Fish alive.*—Those worthy individuals who take delight in Isaac Walton's art; and who, moreover, are in the habit of sending the result of their sport to their epicurean acquaintance, must learn an indispensable piece of information, viz., how to keep fish fresh. This may be done by soaking the soft part of bread in brandy, and inserting it in the

gill of the fish while it is yet alive, and afterwards sprinkling it over gently with brandy. Thus prepared, and carefully packed in straw, the fish will keep alive ten or twelve days, as may be proved by putting it in fresh water at the end of that time, when, after a few hours' immersion, it will recover from its protracted drunkenness.

The Battle of London Life, or Boz and his Secretary. By Moma. Pierce.

WITH much of the talent required for the now popular productions of this kind, the author does not make good his design; and, in fact, leaves us in doubt of his intention. It professes to be the disclosure of actual scenes of London life, far more startling than Dickens is charged with having imagined; and then the writer in the first place exceeds the imaginative, and then falls into the commonplace, as if to disprove the belief he might have created in his thieves' den, &c. But his ground is false. Dickens' grand effects have been produced by observation, and not imagination; a hint which would have been lost to an ordinary mind, has given him the power of vast natural and true exemplification, and no exaggeration. His genius has coloured; not misrepresented. He has taken infinite personal pains to do that, without which no man in the prevalent class of his writings could do anything, namely, make himself acquainted with the facts hidden through miles of London, which the ordinary inhabitant passes unconsciously every day, and knows no more about than he does of Caffarella.

With half a dozen smart illustrations, in the universal style, by G. Sala, our author follows in the wake, whilst pretending to arraign the writings of Boz; and the consequence is, that a faulty scheme is inconsistently executed, and a writer, with capacity, and apparently fairish acquaintance with the general literature of the day, has not yet produced such a publication as he is capable of producing. He has not distinguished between the believe and make-believe.

The History of England. By Miss Julia Corner. Dean and Son.

A NEW and improved edition of a work which has deservedly circulated thirteen thousand copies for the instruction of youth. We must, however, observe that the half-dozen illustrations are not so well considered as the text. There should be no anomalies in historical representations, and character and costume ought to be as critically attended to as grammar and style. Very little would correct this.

London and Provincial Medical Directory, 1849. Churchill.

VERY full, apparently very correct, and certainly well arranged, this volume must be peculiarly useful to the Profession, and also very much so to the public at large. We have turned (by way of *sortes*) for no information which we have not found.

The Christian Bearings of Astronomy. By the Rev. G. Gilfillan. Green.

Is a lecture we know not where delivered, but a weak affair, in a very absurd argument about science against scripture.

The Use of the Senses, &c. By Catherine Lake. Nisbett and Co.

A PERVENT and enthusiastic performance, in prose and verse, in which external objects are spiritualized in the style adopted by very devout religious writers, who infuse a large proportion of scriptural texts and pious ejaculations into their compositions. The love of God, and dependence upon his Son, are here, in this manner, zealously inculcated.

Bentley's Cabinet Library. VIII. Remarkable Characters, &c. Bentley.

A NICE miscellaneous compilation for the nonce, nicely illustrated by Fairholt. Elizabeth Canning, Magliabechi, the dwarf Hudson, the witchfinder Hopkins, Count Ankerstrem, the chevalier D'Eau, and the miser Elwes, &c., are the eccentric subjects.

Essays by the Pupils at the College of the Deaf and Dumb, Rugby. Longmans.

THE date of 1845 is on the title page, and the volume appears to be intended for a school advertisement.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ANEROID BAROMETER.

THE Aneroid Barometer has already excited the attention of astronomers, physical geographers, naval men, and engineers. It will, we have but little doubt, diminish the make of the present standard barometer, supersede the mountain barometer, the marine barometer, and be the chief instrument in determining elevations in railway projects, &c. But much depends upon the question whether it has, or has not, an arrangement for the compensation of variable temperature. A somewhat similar instrument, in 1792, was abandoned by Professor Conté; he could do nothing with it, because it was so much affected by temperature. Vidi's Aneroid has been pronounced by the *Athenæum* valueless, unless it has a provision for the correction of temperature; and that Scientific Journal further states, that the only practical method for compensation is the compound bow-piece claimed by the patentee; and having so pronounced, and asserted that it is physically impossible that any gas can be effective in compensating for variations of temperature, now says, "the

subject is not important enough for further notice; but as we are thus once more called to it, we will give the following extract from a letter which has been addressed to us,"—not knowing anything of the practical question themselves, we presume. The nonsense of the extract, in relation to the point in discussion, is too plain to call for a word; and having, in another part of this number, replied to the remarks directed against the *Literary Gazette*, we drop the writers of the letter and of the *Athenæum* on the Aneroid Barometer, and proceed to elucidate the value of the instrument, and to establish the fact of compensation by a gas for variations of temperature.

The rank which the Aneroid Barometer seems destined to take, will be evident from the subjoined comparative record, for two months, by an able and experienced astronomer: the one barometer a Troughton's best, with every improvement; the other not made with any care, as a standard of its kind would be, but an ordinary aneroid; the variation of temperature will be seen to have been from 16° to 51° ; and the records of the two instruments are frequently the same—the difference never exceeding 0.075, and that only in one instance.

Date. 1848.	Standard Barometer.	Aneroid Barometer.	Thermometer. Max. & Min.	Date. 1849.	Standard Barometer.	Aneroid Barometer.	Thermometer. Max. & Min.
Dec. 1	29.444	29.400	43° 34°	Jan. 3	29.444	29.450	23° 14°
2	29.178	29.125	41 31	4	29.476	29.475	31 18
3	29.624	29.575	45 28	5	29.540	29.500	33 28
4	29.080	29.025	47 32	6	29.780	29.762	33 24
5	28.800	28.725	43 35	7	29.826	29.800	33 10
6	29.100	29.025	48 35	8	29.312	29.287	40 28
7	29.300	29.250	50 39	9	29.250	29.225	41 32
8	29.624	29.575	51 40	10	28.950	28.887	44 34
9	29.920	29.912	40 37	11	28.960	28.862	36 32
10	30.124	30.100	40 37	12	29.000	29.850	40 24
11	29.964	29.950	48 36	13	29.530	29.487	49 29
12	30.004	29.975	50 38	14	29.316	29.250	51 45
13	29.886	29.875	51 43	15	29.834	29.775	40 30
14	29.600	29.600	46 37	16	29.716	29.712	45 28
15	29.620	29.612	50 38	17	29.520	29.450	48 31
16	29.584	29.575	47 38	18	29.600	29.762	47 34
17	29.670	29.662	39 34	19	29.718	29.675	43 40
18	29.650	29.650	44 32	20	29.838	29.812	47 39
19	29.594	29.575	45 40	21	30.050	30.000	48 39
20	29.950	29.950	37 36	22	29.760	29.712	43 40
21	30.114	30.112	26 18	23	30.132	30.112	46 34
22	30.100	30.112	29 18	24	30.176	30.175	47 38
23	30.024	30.025	32 10	25	29.912	29.887	49 41
24	29.850	29.862	32 18	26	29.600	29.575	42 43
25	29.661	29.662	35 24	27	29.750	29.719	40 26
26	29.802	29.812	43 38	28	29.150	29.100	39 32
27	29.942	29.940	47 33	29	29.250	29.200	39 29
28	29.806	29.815	47 32	30	29.904	29.900	40 24
29	30.006	30.000	46 32	31	29.900	29.900	40 36
30	29.896	29.890	45 31				
31	29.922	29.895	39 28				

Will any one say, after looking at the above results, that the Aneroid Barometer (wholly metallic, and a finely tempered spring playing an important part) is not compensated for the effects of temperature upon it? No. But the correction is due to the compound bow-piece. There is no such bow-piece. We have examined more than one with a powerful lens, and we repeat, "there is no visible arrangement for temperature correction." Where, then, is it? Within the "vacuum vase;" and a gaseous body as the mere opening of the box—cutting through the corrugated copper diaphragm only 0.003 of an inch thick, discovers nothing. One experimental proof of there being gas in the "vacuum vase," is the following:—Calculation gives for atmospheric pressure upon the diaphragm, presuming the interior to be a practically perfect vacuum, about seventy pounds, whereas by steelyard measurement a weight of forty pounds will raise it. How can this fact be explained, unless the box be partially filled with a gaseous body? And now

* Since writing the above, we have seen a letter from Mr. Vidi, dated Paris, 7th inst., in which he states that he does use a gas in his Aneroid Barometer, to compensate for the effects of temperature.

for the operation of a gas within the "vacuum-vase." The antagonistic forces in the instrument are atmospheric pressure upon, and depressing, the metallic diaphragm, and a compressed, finely tempered, and strong steel spring, lifting the long arm of the lever and elevating the diaphragm. The effect of temperature upon the diaphragm and the spring is not single upon each and antagonistic, but combined and in one direction. The diaphragm expands and becomes weaker, and yields more to atmospheric pressure; whilst the tension of the spring becomes less able to uphold the lever and to resist atmospheric weight on the diaphragm. But the diaphragm and spring weakened, the gaseous body comes to their aid; for, notwithstanding the expansion of the box, the internal area, owing to the increased effect of atmospheric pressure, would become less, were it not that the gas within, in a state of tension, prevents the depression of the diaphragm in an equal ratio to the diminished strength of the diaphragm and spring. As a simple exemplification of the operation, we would cite "Mr. Dent's child's plaything," the india-rubber ball. Place one under a nicely-poised beam—the least increase of tempe-

rature would elevate it. And such is the operation of the gas in the "vacuum vase;" so nicely balanced are antagonistic forces in the Aneroid Barometer.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Jan. 19th. — Mr. Faraday, "On the Crystalline Polarity of Bismuth and other bodies, and its relation to the magnetic force." This is the subject of "Faraday's Experimental Researches," (twenty-second series), of which, as the Bakerian lecture, a full abstract was given in the *Literary Gazette* of the 10th December last (No. 1605); but as its treatment at the Royal Institution was of a more popular character, and as we are convinced that even our non-scientific readers are always glad to have some idea of what emanates from the mind of Faraday, and of the result of his experimental researches, we will endeavour to relate and describe what he said and did on Friday evening. The lecture was chiefly experimental. Magnetic force the starting-point; the enlargement to our knowledge, of its power, and of its being made active on bodies, the course; and a certain magnetic relation of matter in virtue of its crystalline condition—that very condition making it subject to the magnet, the goal. The magnetic force, then, was the first experimental illustration, and for this purpose was used a powerful electro-magnet, the electric current generated in a Grove's battery passing along thick copper wire, coiled round a large bar of iron, bent into the form of a horse-shoe, and thence returning to the battery. When contact is made, that is, when the wire is continuous from one end of the battery to the other, the horse-shoe ends become the points or poles of a powerful magnet; but when contact is broken, or the wire separated, the horse-shoe is no longer magnetic. This making and breaking contact was managed by the ends of two wires crossing one above the other; pressed down, the circuit complete, the battery in action, the horse-shoe an electro-magnet; let go, the battery inactive, no electric current, and the horse-shoe mere soft iron. The effect of making and breaking contact, and the power of the electro-magnet were exhibited. A piece of iron placed across the horse-shoe ends resisted the lecturer's utmost strength to remove. Mr. Faraday then said that for many years the space between the two poles of the magnet showed no particular power, but his hand placed between them was traversed by the lines of power, and his next object was to make his audience conscious of that power. The most striking example was a copper ball, suspended between the two poles, spun round, stopping instantly on contact being made, and solely by the power in the intervening space. It was also shown in a novel manner—namely, how difficult it was to saw air between the poles—a metal plate passed easily backwards and forwards, saw-like, before contact was made, but requiring great exertion the circuit being complete. And likewise a metal disc made with a whirling wheel to rotate rapidly, almost stopped instantly on making contact. A conception of the presence of this extraordinary power in the space between the poles, or in the magnetic field, as it is termed, having been thus conveyed, Mr. Faraday proceeded to show the relation of this force to the crystalline polarity of bismuth. Bismuth is an interesting body standing at the head of diamagnetics, or of those substances which, according to the last but one of Mr. Faraday's numerous discoveries, in place of pointing under magnetic influence, as the magnetic needle axially, or north and south, arrange themselves lengthwise equatorially, or east and west, that is, instead of in the direction of the line of force, across it. Having to solve a certain inquiry in regard to bismuth, and for the purpose casting small cylinders of bismuth, and testing them in the magnetic field, instead of pointing equatorially, different specimens pointed different ways, and this led to Faraday's last discovery. As soon as he perceived that the cleavage of each specimen was different, and the facets of each different, he saw that these were the cause of the relation to the magnet. The next experiment of the lecturer, however, was to show the polarity of a symmetrical piece of bismuth, associated crystals of bismuth forming a symmetrical group with corre-

sponding planes. A group suspended by cocoon silk between the horizontal poles of the electro-magnet pointed in a certain direction; taken at right angles to this line of direction and suspended, it again sets in a given direction, the bismuth exhibiting polarity. In the original investigation, this led to the inquiry whether this set was accidental, and, if not, what was the law. An amorphous piece of bismuth was found not to be so affected, and therefore the phenomenon was due to the crystal itself. The planes of cleavage of crystal of bismuth, exemplified by a piece of soap not quite a cube, were shown to be at each solid angle, and in the direction of two of these planes the magnetic force acts. These planes are ever brighter than the rest, and occur at the acute solid angles, and through them ever and always the line of force acts, or from one to the other is the direction of the magne-crystalline axis. These regular crystals of bismuth, however, are not alone subject to the force; fragmentary plates crystallized uniformly throughout are also magneto-polar. Mr. Faraday used the term polar, and spoke of polarity in connexion with this new property; but as he conceives it not to be due to polarity, he has in his paper called it by a new name, "axiality," as expressing the peculiar condition of the crystal. He then proceeded to show what the force was not. A piece of hematite between the poles was attracted at either end. This was not the case with bismuth, which does not set by polarity or attraction. Bismuth not crystallized was repelled by both poles, and crystallized bismuth also; but the force which produces magne-crystalline action in crystallized bismuth, was shown to be neither attraction nor repulsion, but a tendency in the crystal to place itself parallel or as a tangent to the line of magnetic force, and due only to the crystalline state. Other metals, antimony, arsenic, &c., similarly crystallized, are all equally magne-crystalline. Looking about for this new force of matter in other bodies, Mr. Faraday sought whether diamagnetic bodies only were affected by the magne-crystalline power. A mass of sulphate of iron, the crystals all symmetrically arranged, proved and was shown to be magne-crystalline, and sulphate of iron is highly magnetic. This fully established that the force was dependent only upon the crystalline condition of the body. He, however, believes that the force is not altogether original or inherent in the crystal, but an induced power, having for its distinctive character a tendency to place the crystal in a definite set or position dependent upon the line of magnetic force passing through the place where the crystal is situated. In conclusion, Mr. Faraday said he had been unable to find any mutual relation between one crystal and another external to it, however small the distance may be.

Feb. 2nd.—Professor Brande, "On the Theory and Production of Light," described and illustrated the causes of the evolution of light in flame—namely, ignition and combustion, and explained the necessity that the solid matter consumed should be combustible, its products gaseous, inodorous, and harmless, and that the flame should be white light. This necessary condition was shown to be obtained in most flames in which carbon was the solid matter, whilst other substances, such as phosphorus, although giving a powerful light (exemplified by a talbotype taken by Mr. Malone during its combustion), could not be applied to the common purposes of light, owing to their injurious products, phosphoric acid, &c. Numerous examples of flame, from the pale blue light of hydrogen, to the dazzling splendour of the electric light, were given. Amongst recent improvements in lamps—the burning of petroleum oil, a product of mineral tar, which yields also naphtha and a fatty substance for anti-friction, was mentioned. Mineral tar yields eighty per cent. of this oil, and the lamp was stated to give the light of seven candles, at a cost of three-eighths of a penny per hour. In regard to the electric light, Mr. Brande does not at present see the least chance of rendering it useful, although it may be available for lighthouses, signals, &c. The likelihood of utilizing electricity for light rests in the decomposition of water by cheap electri-

city, and the combustion of its constituents passed through naphtha or other similar body.

Amongst the many interesting objects on the library table were forty-seven specimens, consisting chiefly of illustrations of the "Naked-eyed Medusa," recently described by Professor E. Forbes, in a vol. published by the Ray Society. There were examples of Aurelia, Cyanea, Sarsia, Beroe, Cydippe, Thaumantias, Steenstrupia, Bougainvillea, and several unnamed, collected by Mr. Goadby, at Shetland, in the summer of 1847, and all of them preserved in fluids prepared and glasses invented by him. As the majority of these animals dissolve in alcoholic fluids, they have never before been preserved; this is not only accomplished by Goadby's fluids, but the animals retain their original transparency and (apparent) delicacy of texture. There were also specimens of sponges, zoophytes, and mollusca, preserved in the like fluids.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Jan. 31st.—Mr. W. Tooke in the chair.—Mr. Robert Hunt read a paper by M. Claudet, on the photographometer, for measuring the intensity of the chemical action of the rays of light on all photographic preparations, and for affording a means of comparing the sensitiveness of the same. The paper was illustrated by specimens and diagrams. The art of photography, observes the author, is founded on the property with which light is endowed—namely, that of producing a photographic effect when it strikes upon certain chemical compounds. The effect being in proportion to the intensity of the light during a given space of time, it is necessary, for the success of the operation, to be able to ascertain the exact power of the light at any particular moment, and hitherto the photographer alone could estimate this. The result, however, of the photographic operation depends both on the intensity of the photogenic rays, and on the degree of the sensitiveness of the chemical preparation, and M. Claudet has constructed a most ingenious and simple apparatus, which is not only capable of measuring the photogenic light, but of testing the sensitiveness of the chemical preparation of the Daguerreotype plate. This instrument is constructed so that a plate, being placed upon an inclined plane, will always fall with the same rapidity for each operation; the plate has seven vertical slits or openings cut in it; these are placed parallel to each other, the first being one millimeter wide, the second two millimeters, the third four, the fourth eight, the fifth sixteen, the sixth thirty-two, and the seventh, sixty-four millimeters. The photographic surface is placed at nearly the bottom of the inclined plane, under a metallic plate pierced with seven circular holes, corresponding with the openings of the moveable plate containing the proportionate apertures. When the moveable plate passes before the photogenic surface covered with the seven circular holes, the light strikes upon the spaces left open by the circular holes in various intensities. The space lighted by the opening of sixty-four millimeters will be affected by an intensity double that which is lighted by thirty-two millimeters, quadruple that of the next under the opening of sixteen, and so on, until the last opening, which being only one millimeter, will have received sixty-four times less light than the first, so that after the operation, seven round figures, or less, according to the intensity of light, are represented upon the photographic plate. The photographer is thus enabled to ascertain how long it will be necessary to submit the plate to the action of the light on the camera, by the length of time required to develop the seven round figures. Let us suppose that he wants ten seconds, and he finds only six instead of seven of the round figures, it would prove that the light is one half less intense than he required—he must be twenty seconds instead of ten; if only five, he must be 40 seconds, if 4, 80 seconds, if 3, 160 seconds, if 2, 320 seconds, if 1, 640 seconds. This is quite sufficient for general purposes of photography, but for scientific investigations M. Claudet has continued the geometrical pro-

gression, and instead of from 1 to 6, he has continued the progression from 1 to 8192. This is effected by having two plates, and four series of holes in each plate, and shutting one series after every fall of the moveable plate. By repeating the falls the intensity is doubled, trebled, and quadrupled, and so on; and after the operation each plate represents four series of round figures, showing the various effects of all the intensities, from 1 to 8192. M. Claudet's photographometer, moreover, enables the operator to compare the sensitiveness of two different preparations, so that the photographer can constantly, by experiments, improve the sensitiveness of the surface; and to this instrument will photography, we prognosticate, be mainly indebted for its future advancement, as the art has hitherto been for many improvements, to the inventor of the photographometer.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 31.—W. Day, of King's College, was admitted to the degree of B.A.
Smith's Prizes.—Smith's prizes were adjudged yesterday as follows:—

1. Phear, Caius College, (Second Wrangler.)
2. Pell, St. John's College, (Senior Wrangler.)

The following degrees were conferred:—
Masters of Arts.—R. C. Maul, Caius College; T. R. Baldwin, Sidney College.

Bachelor of Arts.—L. C. Brown, Emmanuel College.
J. C. Crosthwaite, M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted, *ad eundem*.

Oxford, Feb. 1.—The following degrees were conferred:—
Masters of Arts.—H. King, St. John's, Grand Compounder; Rev. H. Malpas, Edmund Hall; Rev. H. W. Tweed, Exeter; Rev. A. D. Hilton, Rev. R. S. Oldham, Wadham; J. B. A. Acland, Christ Church; E. T. H. Harper, Pembroke; Rev. G. Perkins, Brasenose; Rev. F. B. Pryor, Fellow of New College; Rev. J. Langworthy, Rev. R. Baker, Magdalen Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—L. B. White, Scholar of Queen's; J. R. Nankivell, Exeter; G. Morley, Wadham; F. O. Garlick, Christ Church; C. Fort, Scholar of Corpus; T. Mullins, E. H. Robson, Worcester.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 1st.—Lord Mahon, president, in the chair. Mr. Robert Whealley Lumley exhibited two perfect specimens of bronze cels, found with many others about ten years since in Yorkshire. Mr. Frederic Ouvry exhibited a small circular cup of silver, on which was represented, in alto relievo, a battle field with the sun in the heavens; the subject being probably Joshua; it was said to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini. Also two miniatures, one of Henrietta Maria, the other of Catherine of Braganza. The latter had at the back "*Jean Petitot, the King Charles 2. servant*." The other was said to be by the same artist, but this appeared somewhat doubtful. Mr. J. Barnett, of the School of Design, exhibited two drawings of sculptures,—one in wood, the other in sandstone,—at Aberbrothwick in Forfarshire. One was supposed to be that of Thomas à Becket, the patron saint of the abbey. The carving in wood represents a kneeling winged figure, holding a tri-lobed sceptre. Mr. Akerman read a note on this figure by himself, expressing an opinion that it represents the angel Gabriel saluting the Virgin. The nimbus at the back of the head was singular, exhibiting a rarity, a still more earthly representation of the Byzantine emblem, and looking more like a circular plate fastened with rivets. The form of the triplicated cross within this strange nimbus he considered denoted its Scotch origin. Mr. Charles Roach Smith exhibited a coloured drawing of St. Christopher, executed by F. Boigent, Esq., from a painting on the wall of St. Lawrence church, Winchester. This painting was almost immediately destroyed by the Vandal churchwardens. A letter from Mr. J. P. Collier, accompanying the transcript of a petition from John Leyland, whom he supposed to be the Antiquary, to Cardinal Wolsey. It bears date 19th January, but the year is not mentioned. It says that the petitioner may be again heard, touching certain disclosures he could make affecting a knight, then in treasonable correspondence with Richard de la Pole.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Feb. 7th.—Council Meeting.—Communications were received from the Rev. E. G. Walford, on Roman urns, and other remains recently dug up at the Black Grounds, near Chipping Warden; from Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Jerdan (with an impression), and Mr. Croker, respecting a seal lately found near Kildysart, co. Clare, and which has been very erroneously interpreted in the *Limerick Chronicle*; from Mr. Bell, relative to some Roman inscriptions discovered a few months since, and now deposited in the museum of the Society of Antiquaries, of Newcastle; and from Mr. Wire, on recent discoveries of Roman remains at Colchester, illustrated by a coloured plan, showing the precise situations where walls, pavements, &c., were discovered. Mr. Croker exhibited some superb specimens of the Celtic dog torques from France and Ireland, and a small stone figure, found in a cave on the Caicos Islands (Bahamas), brought home by Captain E. Barnett, R.N.

ARCHEOLOGY IN AMERICA.

The Tribune, New York paper, of Jan. 3 (for which we thank the editor), contains a very interesting report of the last meeting of the Historical Society, to which Mr. Squier communicated a circumstantial and interesting account of the antiquities of "Western New York" (illustrated by plans and engravings). From his careful and intelligent examination of these remains, within the boundaries of New England and the Middle States, he concludes, and we might say proves, that they are of no older date than the discovery of the country by Europeans, and are the works of the Iroquois—a powerful tribe of Indians, who were the occupants of the land at that period.

Another curious individual subject occupied much attention. The strong probability was shown, that the famous Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, was in early life a Roman-catholic Missionary Priest, employed with a M. Murphy, in the conversion of the Iroquois inhabiting the western extremity of Lake Ontario (1667-8), and left Canada in 1673.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday—Geographical, 8½ p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.—Royal Academy, (Sir R. Westmacott's first lecture on sculpture), 8 p.m.

Tuesday—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m. (On the Coal Field of South Wales; and An Account of an Explosion of Fire-Damp at the Eaglesbush Colliery, Neath, by Mr. J. Richardson).—Zoological, 9 p.m.—Syro-Egyptian, 7½ p.m. (Mr. Nash on the Builder of the Third Pyramid).

Wednesday—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—Geological, 1 p.m. (Anniversary).—London Institution, (Dr. Ward on the varieties of the Human Race) 7 p.m.—Graphic, 8 p.m.—Microscopical, 7 p.m. (Anniversary).—Pharmaceutical, 9 p.m.—Literary Fund, 3 p.m.

Thursday—Royal, 8½ p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.—Royal Academy, (Mr. Leslie's first lecture on painting), 8 p.m.

Friday—Royal Institution, (Wm. R. Grove, Esq. on voltaic ignition), 8½ p.m.

Saturday—Asiatic, 2 p.m.—Westminster Medical 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

The Royal Etchings.—The Lord Chancellor has dismissed Mr. Strange's appeal against the judgment of Vice Chancellor Bruce, with costs. Mr. Judge, it is whispered to us, is going to take the etchings, which he declares he bought in "open market," to America, for exhibition; and it is further threatened by the parties, (as we are told,) that they intend to indict Pierre Albert for perjury!!! What next?

The Vernon Testimonial.—The first formal proceedings in this matter were arranged at an influential meeting, held at Messrs. Paul and Dominic Colnaghi's, last Saturday—the Dean of Westminster in the chair. The following resolutions were passed:—

"That, in the opinion of this meeting, the munificent gift by Robert Vernon, Esq., of his Collection of Pictures and Sculpture by British Artists, is deserving of a Public Testimonial.

"That to commemorate such liberality and patriotic spirit, and at the same time to carry out most effectually the intentions of the donor, an appropriate Medal be struck, to be annually awarded for the encouragement of British Art.

"That the Medal be assigned to the Members of the Royal Academy, to be by them awarded in such manner as they shall consider best calculated to promote British art.

"That the following noblemen and gentlemen constitute a committee for the purpose of immediately carrying out the above objects, with power to add to their number:

"The Marquis of Northampton, Lord Montagu, Lord Colborne, Sir Robert Peel, Bart., Vice-Chancellor Wigram, Sir George Staunton, Sir John Swinburne, The Dean of Westminster, Alderman Salomans, Captain Smith; and Messrs. Arden, Barry, Bicknell, Blane, Broderip, Cartwright, Eastlake, Hardwick, Hart, Jones, C. Landseer, E. Landseer, Jones Loyd, Macleise, Morton, Pettigrew, Pickersgill, Roberts, Stanfield, Webster, and Young."

The Eighth Report of the Fine Arts Commission describes and approves of the three frescoes (in addition to the first by Mr. Dyce) now finished for the House of Lords—viz., 1. Religion, by Mr. C. Horsley; 2. Chivalry, by Mr. Macleise; and, 3. Edward the Black Prince receiving the Garter from his Father, Edward III., by Mr. Cope. The two companions yet remaining to be executed are—Justice, by Macleise; and Prince Henry acknowledging the authority of Gascoigne, by Cope—at 800*l.* each. Her Majesty's robing-room is to be decorated by Mr. Dyce within six years, at an allowance of 800*l.* a-year, and the subject the Exploits of King Arthur; for which he may take some glorious suggestions from Sir E. B. Lytton's *Epic*, reviewed in our last *Gazette*. The statues of Lord Falkland, by Mr. J. Bell; and the Earl of Clarendon (not the present, though he will have richly earned a similar tribute of national honour), by Mr. Calder Marshall, are also announced to be completed, and their execution commended. Of this report her Majesty has approved.

The Royal Academy Club resumed its R. A. meetings for the season on Wednesday, at Willis's; and as the great secret of art is to conceal art, the convives, as usual, put it entirely out of the question, as far as academic subjects were concerned, and enjoyed a Social Day, as dear old Peter Cox called it, when he held you by the button, to listen to "only the last canto" of his poem so entitled.* But we mention such "re-unions" with gratification, because we have always felt that our artists, however high they had raised themselves in their profession, were often deficient in that general and common information which could only be acquired by some reading and some mixing in intelligent society. Even mingling with each other in this manner must be advantageous; and we wish well to their symposia; though, as visitors are excluded, as well as A. S. A.'s, we can be of little further use to them.

Antiquarian Etching Club.—A society with this title has been formed by a number of antiquaries, with a view to improvement in the beautiful art of etching, as well as a means of illustrating objects of interest, which are at present to be found only in the sketch book, or private museum. Not the least recommendation is the qualification for membership, which is the contribution of three original etchings during the year, by which means each member will become possessed of a valuable volume of illustrations at an expense of only a few shillings.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, Wednesday, February 7th, 1849.

Another week, and no new books. The fell hand of revolution has not yet slackened its hold on the once teeming presses of Paris; publishers are still

* Peter was exorbitant and undeniable. It was told, that on a country visit, he dodged a sportsman till a storm came on, and they took refuge under the cover of an old lime kiln. Peter began fumbling for his MS. in his coat-breast pocket, when his companion, aware of the game, cocked his gun, and levelling at the poet, said—"By heaven! if you attempt to read one line of the Social Day to me, I will shoot you, though I swing for it!"

doing nothing, and authors are still starving.* But this long continuation of literary inactivity is becoming an evil of immense gravity; for not only does it annihilate one of the most important branches of commercial activity, and thereby cause utter ruin to many, and distress to thousands, but it threatens nothing less than to deprive Paris of its literary supremacy in Europe. Already, indeed, are there indications that the attention of the literary circles of Germany, Italy, and Spain is becoming fixed on London to the exclusion of Paris; and I am told on what may be considered good authority, that the English publishing trade has gained, on the importation of new books into Russia, all that the French have lost.

But though no works of sterling merit, nor any of importance even as regards size, are brought out, we continue to have, by way of compensation, if compensation it can be called, deluges of pamphlets on political subjects. The concocters of these things do some good by causing paper to be consumed, and compositors to be employed; but if they flatter themselves that people read their lucubrations, they labour under a most lamentable delusion. Not one in fifty of this class of publications is worth the trouble of opening; and even the few that have merit, are totally disregarded, no one being disposed to wade through a pamphlet after being bored almost to death by the journals. The passion for political scribbling, however, appears to be on the increase, and I fear we must make up our minds to see many acres of very good paper destroyed by very worthless matter. Even grave statesmen and legislators are rapidly becoming affected by the prevalent folly; for after Thiers, with a ponderous treatise on Property, we had Guizot with an essay on Democracy; then old M. Dupin came out with a pamphlet on the Constitution; and this week M. de Barante, ex-peer, and ex-ambassador in Russia, but probably better known to your readers as the learned historian of the Dukes of Burgundy, presents us with a rather lengthy disquisition on what he calls "Questions Constitutionnelles."

The theatrical budget of the week is singularly barren—nothing more than two or three little vaudevilles, clever, but not extraordinarily so. Generally speaking, the theatres are doing very bad business—the *Vauvauville* being the only one which is crowded night after night; and people go there, not from love of the drama, but to abuse the Republic. The Opera, however, is tolerably well filled when *Cenot* and her husband appear; and the *François* is not altogether deserted on *Rachel's* nights. Bouffé, having recovered from his illness or ill humour, is to appear to-night at the Variétés in a new piece. *Pont*, audacious, yet ever-charming *Dejazet*, is, it is whispered, completely "used up," by the combined power of sickness and her — years—a terrible age for a young lady. In the way of novelty, the great thing is Meyerbeer's "Prophet," now in rehearsal at the Grand Opera. Great progress, it seems, has been made in the piece by the performers; and the terms of admiration in which they, and everybody admitted to the rehearsals, speak of it, are enthusiastic in the extreme.

I omitted to mention, last week, that the day fixed for the opening of the Annual Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture, is the 15th May. Artists sending works for admission, are to give a list of the persons (artists or amateurs) whom they would be willing to accept as judges; and a certain number of the persons so named, who may obtain the greatest amount of suffrages, are to select the works for the exhibition. This method of choosing the selecting juries—there are to be separate prizes for painting, sculpture, engraving, &c.—will, it is believed, lessen complaints on the part of artists whose works may be excluded. At all events, a fairer constitution of the juries could scarcely be devised. It is probable that this year's exhibition will be much less numerous than preceding ones, the exciting political events of the Revolution having absorbed the exertion of many artists, and distracted the attention of others.

* Perhaps, however, these poor wretches don't mind this inasmuch as they are almost as much accustomed to it as to skinning.

The charge brought against M. d'Epagny (noticed last week) of having filched a smart little comedy, now enjoying a run at the Français, from a vaudeville written nearly fifteen years ago, has led to the discovery that the vaudeville in question was itself bodily stolen from one represented some years before. So it seems that French vaudevillists pirate one another in the most impudent manner, and that what we applaud as novelties amused our papas and mammas in "their hot youth."

Berlioz, in a criticism on the performances of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, (which are tolerably well patronised notwithstanding the hard times,) tells us that the real musical public of this city does not exceed from 800 to 900; and that even that scanty number does not consist of veritable amateurs, but includes very many good fellows, who go to concerts and operas because they think it fashionable to pretend to be musical, or because they have nothing else to do, or because it tickles their vanity to be seen at such performances, or be looked up to by artists. I should have thought that the bona-fide musical public was much greater, considering that there are two (three, in fact, one being closed) musical theatres—that every vaudeville theatre also is in a great degree musical—that in ordinary times, when revolutions do not distract people's attention and empty their pockets, thousands of pounds are annually spent over musicians—that, in such times, concerts are so numerous as to be a positive bore—that the artists, good, bad, and indifferent, are as plentiful as blackberries—that there is always a great number of musical journals, or journals in which musical matters form one of the principal features—and that there are also hundreds of music dealers. But Berlioz, no doubt, does not speak without book. And if, by the way, Paris, which pretends to be a musical city *par excellence*, be only able to boast of such a miserably small musical public, what can you Cockneys say for yourselves? True, since you have had the immortal Jenny to witch you with sweet sounds, you have been giving yourselves grand airs as musical amateurs; but nobody, you know, can take all that *au sérieux*; for in sober truthfulness you have, as a people, about as lively an appreciation of music as the Kautschatskans have of Parisian fashions.

I have heard many enthusiastic admirers of the art bitterly lament that music is on the decline in this country, notwithstanding the interest which it is still the fashion to appear to take in it. Without stopping to inquire whether there be a decline or not, it must be admitted that nothing on earth would be more natural than to see music generally scouted. In private society, it has positively become an insupportable nuisance from the extent to which it is overdone—overdone not, Heaven knows, from the love people bear it, but because it is foolishly considered an accomplishment and an agreeable method of passing time. You can scarcely, for example, live in a house in which you do not hear the strumming of pianos from morning till night—from above, from below, opposite, behind and on either side of you there are the same infernal thumping and jingling; the very daughters of your porter exercise themselves on the instrument as their pa brushes your boots; you can scarcely go to a *soirée* and not be condemned to music; you cannot pay a visit without having your ears flayed by the precocious performance of some little miss or master; you cannot talk soft nonsense to a young lady without seeing the inevitable music-box lugged out, and the inevitable invitation to exhibit expected. And then—

"Oh! the long evenings of duets and trios,
The admirations and the speculations;
The Mamma mia's and the Amor mio's,
The Tanti palpit! on such occasions!"

According to the *Constitutionnel*, the marble destined for Napoleon's tomb in the Invalides, is beginning to arrive in Paris from Havre. Some of the blocks are very large, and the weight of all is 111 tons. The marble is of a rose colour, and has been brought all the way from Finland, at an expense of nearly 8000*l*. The Emperor of Russia placed it at the disposal of the French government.

The newspapers have this week two bits of scandal, in which English folk figure. The first is an account of an action brought by Roger, the tenor singer, heretofore of the *Opéra Comique*, to recover 15,000*l*, (000*l*.) or thereabouts, from the managers of Covent Garden Theatre—said to be Mr. Delafield and Mr. Webster. The sum, it appears, is the amount of a month's engagement, which Roger contends to be due to him, but which the managers decline to pay, on account of the dissatisfaction they feel at his proceedings towards them, as also of his having failed to please the cockney public. The case has been adjourned, to give time to the defendants to get evidence from London. Roger, it seems, went rather roughly to work to get his money, as he did nothing less than cause the unfortunate managers to be arrested and lodged in the debtors' prison, Rue de Clichy, immediately after he learned their arrival in Paris, and they to get released have had to deposit, as security, the greater part of his claim.—The other *scandale* is a story told by the *Revue des Théâtres*, of a Mr. Postlethwaite, having got an introduction to St. Leon, the dancer—having persuaded him to present him to Dupouchet, and Roqueplan, the directors of the Grand Opéra—having given them a specimen of his skill as a singer, which proved that he had no voice, and knew nothing at all of music—having nevertheless entertained the delusion, that he was to be permitted to appear at the Opéra—having, on finding out his mistake, gone to bully St. Leon—and, not being admitted to his presence, having thrashed, and half strangled a certain M. Pugnè, who attempted to reason him into common sense.

Strange that such differences there should be,
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Prospects of the French Drama.—A commission is now sitting in Paris to examine and discuss the merits of a proposition for freeing the drama in France from its present fetters. To this day none but the patented theatres can give public representations, each in a style according with its patent—whether for tragedy, vaudeville, &c.—certainly an odd and arbitrary condition. Of course this monopoly is most obnoxious in the eyes of Republican France. Many papers—the *Presse*, for instance—contend that a step further would be a progress in the right direction, and argue for the abolition of the *censure*. It is contended that empty houses would soon reduce the number of theatres to the requirements of the population, if full scope were allowed to the wildest speculators; and that the good taste of the public would forcibly erase any phrase, any word in the slightest degree peccant against good feeling and morality. The *censure*, they say, is but a political engine, unfit for any state which is not wholly barbarous and theocratic, dictating by every art and by rude violence the creed of enslaved millions. At present the ruling public will certainly not attempt to curb the prurient wit of the Vaudevillistes, whose stinging sarcasms continue to be exclusively directed against the Red Republicans. Those papers which are the mouthpieces of rank democracy have been worked into a frenzied rage by a burlesque—*La foire aux idées*. The worthy apostles of Freedom apostrophize the *Commissaire de Police*, and call upon him to exercise his gentle office, and stop the daring loquacity of these prying gentry, who question the immaculate purity and tender mercy of Socialism. Democracy appealing to brute force to gag the free expression of opinion! What a hop step and jump from this day twelvemonth! *Quantum mutatus ab illo*, &c.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

JENNY LIND.

In the early part of her English career, we ventured to hint that some portion of the Enchantress's fascination was not owing to modulations from throat or chest, or her peculiar powers over the physical organs of music, (delightful and wonderful as they were,) but to another quality, very rarely found in her profession, and never (within our observation) to the

perfection in which it existed in her. She sang from the heart! And to the heart her song went. The most fastidious ears were charmed—the most scientific astonished; but the fine-fibred critics would hardly allow her excellence, (by some half note or imperceptible tone!) whilst the public ran mad, and the small, would-be sensorious carping was drowned in a nation's applause. And Jenny Lind has justified our opinion. The Heart has poured out its song to the tune of some 15,000*l*. contributed to British charities. There is sweet music there. The music that will soothe the sufferings of thousands; the music that will mingle with groans of pain, agony, and death, and mitigate even these into musical hymns, to soften the pangs of distressed humanity, and vibrate in unison with chords of heavenly harmony before the throne of that Omnipotence which dispenses every redeeming sorrow, as well as every blessing on mankind. For these afflictions—aye, and for generations to come—

How angel-like she sings.

That so noble a creature should awaken intense enthusiasm is but to do credit to human nature, which yet, in our busy and hard-working age, cannot help feeling, and almost idolizing such endowments and such goodness. Where we are to hear her (the Siren, as the newspapers will have it) henceforward, we cannot tell. That she does not appear at her Majesty's Theatre in the approaching season is, we believe, certain. That she has got no Swedish Swain to take her from us is, we might venture to say, equally true. Into what may be her purposes, we have neither right nor inclination to pry; wherever and whatever she may be, she will be a Triumph of Genius, a Model of Benevolence, and an Honour to her Sex.

We have heard of tributes to commemorate her charities, which have afforded us much satisfaction: for example requires that such Deeds should not be written in water, or required by merely evanescent compliments.

A marble statue of her, we hear, is about to be executed, under the auspices of the Bishop, for the Cathedral at Norwich. A marble bust is also proposed, to perpetuate, in its hall, her munificent service for the Consumption Hospital. But where does she not deserve records of this kind? By a liberality unexampled in the attractions and generosity of song, she has raised funds to alleviate more misery than any individual, royal or millionaire, that breathes our common life; and there is no trophy that can flatter her deserving, or point to future years in which an imitation of her bright example may add co-efficiently to its productive harvest.

Shakspeare mentions a *Saint Charity*; we know not the legend, but let it be *Sainte*, and we shall be ready to worship *Sainte Jenny Lind*.

BIOGRAPHY.

Sir James Stewart, of Allanbank, one of the most accomplished gentlemen in Scotland, a charming amateur artist, and a fine judge of art, died on the 29th ult. in Edinburgh; and his loss is sincerely lamented (as it appears from the Scottish journals) by his many friends and his country.

M. de Tastu, the librarian of St. Genevieve, and well known to foreign as well as French *litterati*, both for his learning and courteous demeanour in assisting inquiry, died a fortnight ago, at Paris.

VARIETIES.

Travellers see Strange Sight.—The *Norfolk News* gives a full, true(?), and particular account of a Norfolk Farmer who came to the late London cattle show, and one idle morning left the *beastness* and strolled into Madame Tussaud's. Instead of being thronged as usual, there was nobody there; and the grazier had the exhibition to himself. By and by some nice ladies and children came in, and he got into talk with one of the former about his being a countryman of Nelson's, whose figure he was admiring; and the lady asked him about the unfortunate Mrs. Jermy. We cannot repeat the whole conversa-

tion, but Madame Tussaud made her appearance, and found, to her dismay, that a stranger had accidentally obtained admittance on a morning privately set apart for royalty, and that he was holding familiar chat, not with the wax-work representations, but the real flesh-and-blood Queen of England!! We were so affected that we could not read the account any further; but presume that the big farmer fainted in the arms of the famed wax-illuminator, and the Queen and ladies-in-waiting did not wait to witness his recovery. We hope he will send her Majesty a large turkey next Christmas, Madame Tussaud another, and a third to the *Literary Gazette*, or else we shall disbelieve his story.

The New Literary Dodge.—We some months ago described Messrs. Smith's enterprising plan for renting railroad stations, and supplying them with periodical and light publications, to cry *Siste Viator*, and invite purchasers to provide something wherewithal to beguile the tedium of their onward way. The "Trade" has become very considerable; and, as usual, we hear of farther moves to induce the minds of travellers to go as fast as their bodies ahead upon the line. Captain Huish, a director-general of the London and North-Western Railroad, has the merit of projecting this new design. He proposes to become a literary director and manager-in-chief of a grand circulating library. If you are going a short distance you may borrow a flimsy ten minutes' worth of reading, and the deposit, deducting a penny or so, will be returned to you on leaving the publication where you stop. If you are going a longer way, you can be accommodated on similar terms with a larger performance; and if you are going the whole line, a blue book on loco-motives or the History of England is at your service. How clever and learned we may become, when he that rides will read!

Mr. Lover.—We see by the *Liverpool Chronicle* that, after his American trip, Mr. Lover has resumed his provincial progresses, and we are pleased to find, with almost an increase of attraction. The Journal referred to, after noticing the good sense and gentlemanly delicacy which ever mark Mr. Lover's efforts, and distinguish his delineations of American peculiarities, observes,—"The sketch of the American orator in quaintness and effect is worthy of the late Mathews's 'Trip to America.' But the whole entertainment sparkles with brilliancy. Indeed we question whether, in any of his former entertainments, the powers of Mr. Lover, as an actor, are so vividly brought out. The 'Irish Fisherman,' a meritorious poem of his own, abounding with some beautiful touches of nature, is delivered with a dramatic effect absolutely electrifying. Capital jokes, interspersed with many exquisite melodies, and passing reflections on national characteristics, constitute as pleasing an entertainment as it is possible to imagine."

Archæology.—We are informed that the Cambridge Antiquarian Society have joined in an opinion that the remains at Ickleton (which we have never viewed in any other possible light than Roman) are Saxon, or, maybe, Norman! They had surely better stick to their church architecture and symbols than venture thus to expose themselves in the fields of primæval antiquities.

Fine Arts.—Good and bad.—Chuse. The unpleasant affair of the R. A., whose sale of a young artist's painting he had touched upon, and sold as his own production, is, we lament to hear, likely to be revived again, by his taking up the idea that he could not resign, or be deprived of his position. There is a mental alliance alluded to by the poet which makes this a very melancholy matter. On the other hand, the joyous side, the *Literary Gazette* gets gossip in hearing that another R. A., high as an organ in the Councils of Art, and high as an artist, whose Italian and sacred subjects have for some years held foremost rank in "the" exhibition, and whose writings on art have deserved great celebrity, is about to unite literature (not his own, yet), to his home, by a union with a very accomplished lady, favourably known in literary circles. D. Roberts, we are told, is painting a very large large picture of the siege of Jerusalem, a subject worthy of

the utmost exertion of his genius. Mr. Joseph Durham, whose busts of Lind, Hans Andersen, the Lord Chief Baron, and the late Sir David Pollock, in last exhibition, made a merited fame for a young (or any) sculptor, is, we understand, engaged on a likeness of Mons. Guizot.

The Drollery of Realities.—Talk of invention and humour: they had better be quiet. The Irish Poor-Laws are now a fruitful topic of discussion. Owen Keegan has just died in the Westport Union, aged 106. When the house was built he was bribed to go into it as a decoy duck occupant; and but for his example, perhaps, there would not have been a pauper tenant to be got to the present day!

Sales by Auction.—By catalogues sent us, we see that Mr. Blayd's extraordinary collection of Etruscan pottery, and the late Princess Sophia's library (after selections have been made from it for the Queen, Duke of Cambridge, and other members of the royal family), come for dispersion under the hammer of Messrs. Christie, next week.

Dr. Goldsicker, a learned Oriental scholar of Königsberg, has been ordered to leave Berlin, in consequence of his interference in revolutionary politics. His name might direct him to California, his literature to Mosul.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We hear that a weekly Periodical of Literary and Instructive character will be published in April or May, by Miss Eliza Cook. Judging from the sound and natural principles her poetry has ever inculcated, we shall expect to find a liberal and well-conducted journal coming from her hands, and heartily wish her all the success she merits.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1849.	h. m. s.	1849.	h. m. s.
Feb. 11 . . .	12 14 32 1/2	Feb. 15 . . .	12 14 27 1/2
12 . . .	— 14 32 1/4	16 . . .	— 14 24 1/2
13 . . .	— 14 31 3/4	17 . . .	— 14 21 1/2
14 . . .	— 14 29 3/4		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE *HORÆ ÆGYPTIACÆ*, commenced in our last No., cannot, for the reason we stated, be published in regularly consecutive *Gazettes*; but the great interest that Letter has excited, we can assure our readers, will prompt us to complete the series within the shortest possible time. No detrimental lapses will be permitted.—Ed. L. G.

*The *Athenæum* insinuating that "the use of terms unbecoming the discussion of 'philosophical questions' is with us a consideration of no account," is somewhat curious. In this respect, we utterly deny being the Kettle; but to have the Pot, *par excellence*, flinging such a scandal at us is excessively diverting. A stranger might fancy that the *Literary Gazette* had for more than a quarter of a century been the ready, cantankerous, depreciating receptacle of all the envy and malignity that disgraces Literature and Science. We are not the Kettle!

Erratum.—In the article on the Aneroid Barometer, in last *Gazette*, p. 79, second column, for "invisible," read there is no visible arrangement for temperature correction.

Publishing and Bookselling.—"The publishers will feel particularly obliged by your forwarding to their address, any notice of the accompanying volume which may appear in your paper." Such is not an unusual notice we find printed in a new publication sent to us for review; and we take the liberty to answer to all such applications, that we will do so such thing. Every publisher and bookseller in the empire, above the keeper of a stall, ought to take more pains to be acquainted with the general business in which he is engaged, than to require such incidental communications. Forty shillings a year, (as far as we are concerned,) he can have the information not only about all his own, but all his contemporaries' works, and a vast quantity of other intelligence besides, which ought to be extremely useful to him. But it is strange that of all classes of dealers, the dealers in food for the mind are (generally speaking) the least desirous of having any competent knowledge about the wares they are selling. We have been astonished, in even considerable towns, and respectable shops, to find, that beyond the common publications for their news-room, if they had one, and the *familiar* with which their windows were bedizen, for the gaze of the rabble boys looking at the pictures, and perhaps some great gun just fired off, there was not a decent acquaintance with the current literature of the day, or a notion or sample of what was going on at head quarters, or in the world. Even in better places, and our large provincial cities, the converse is only exceptional. Yet this is not as it ought to be. The bookseller of every populous village ought to possess a larger degree of information respecting the article in which he deals, for it is cosmopolitan, and not like the butchers and bakers, sufficiently supplied from the adjoining markets. And the want is the more unaccountable, because it not only prevents those who ought, in such matters, from being loyal literary oracles, but it puts much money out of their pockets which they would realize, if they informed themselves on a general principle.

We cannot (even by private letter) gratify M. M. M.'s curiosity. In the slight remarks we offered on the man-part, not the well-earned hero-worship of Nelson, we simply intimated his true Jack Tar communism with the soul of the multitude he inspired with the heroic contempt of death, and to a certain length, in a particular case, their committal feeling about the brave deserving the fair. That Nelson, under strongly excited emotions, and when every hour was pregnant with the utmost peril and fate, should express himself in strange unpolishable terms to his lady-love, is no disparagement to him; though the language might be pretty nearly such as the coarser A. B. or M. might have used to his darling at Portsmouth Point, or Common Hard.

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